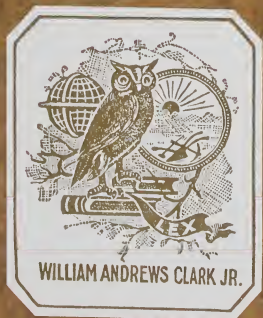


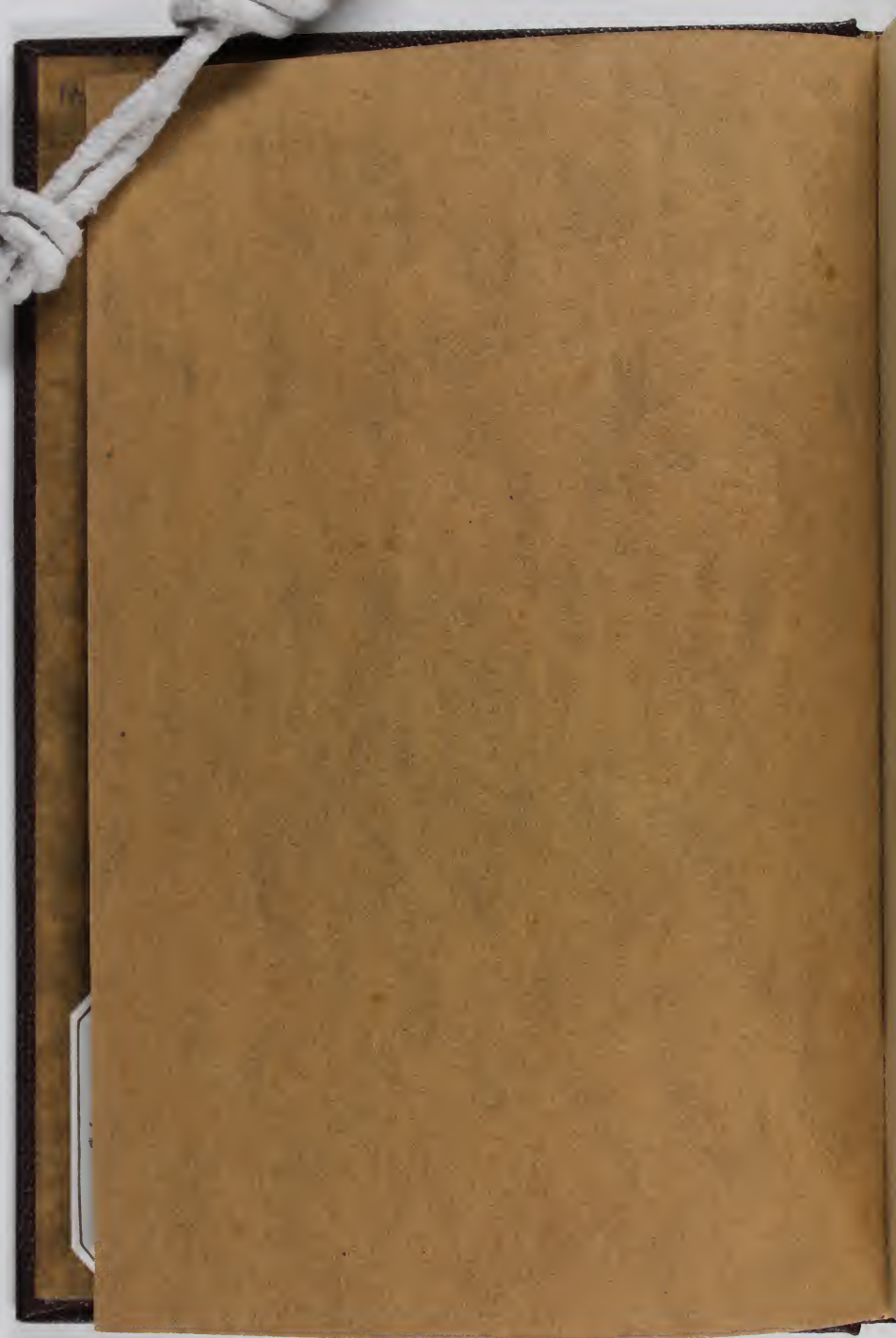
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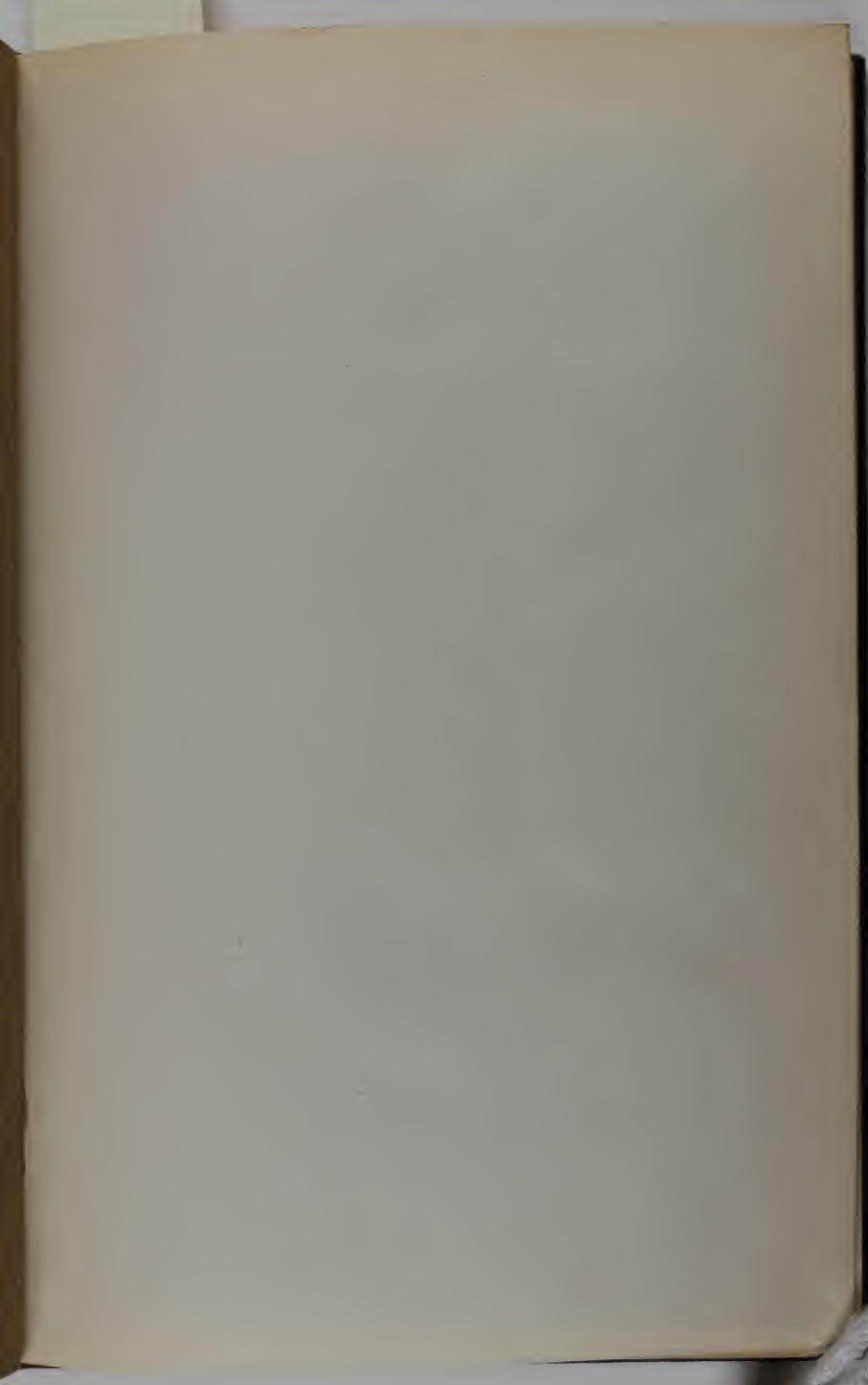






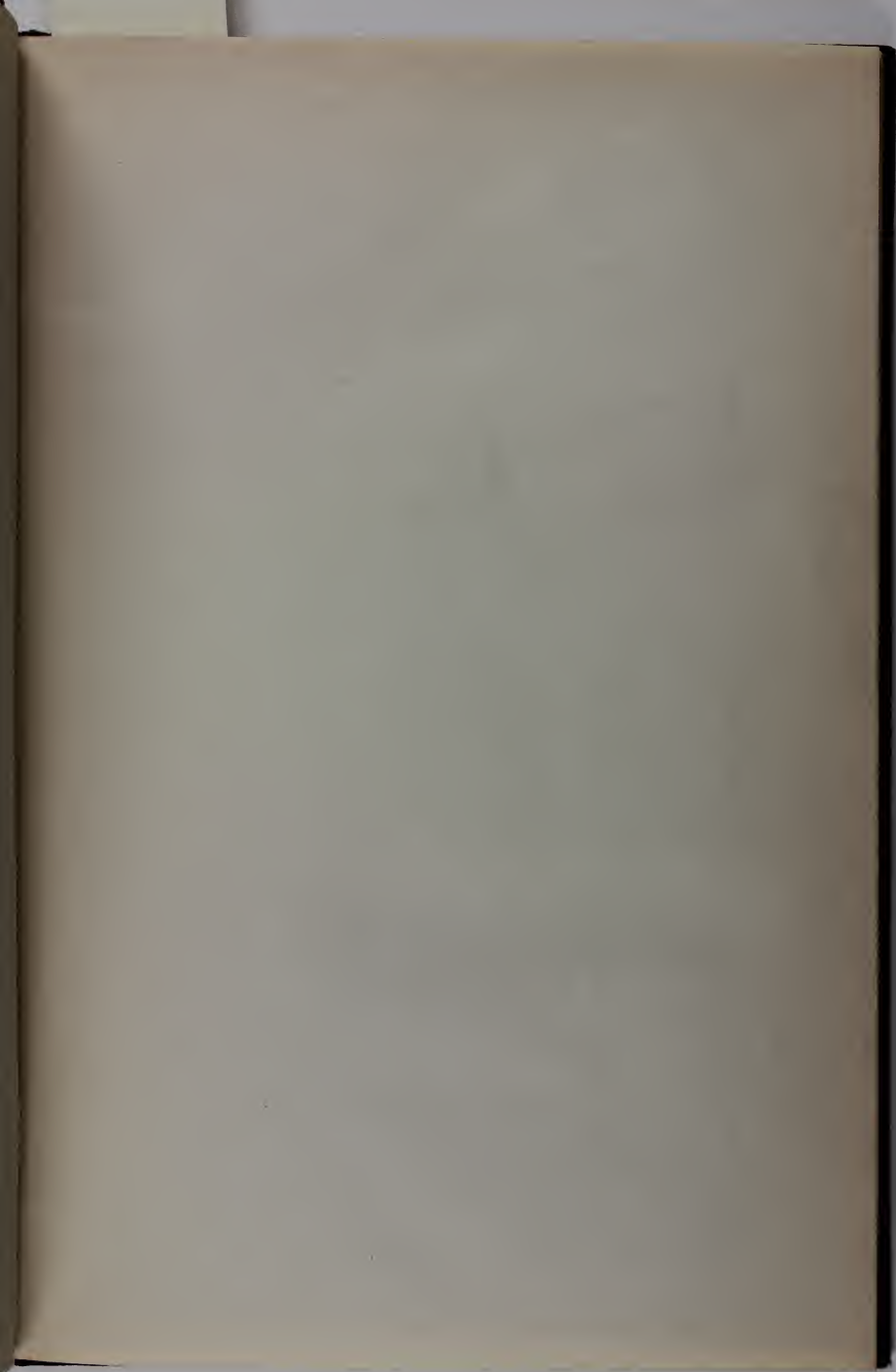






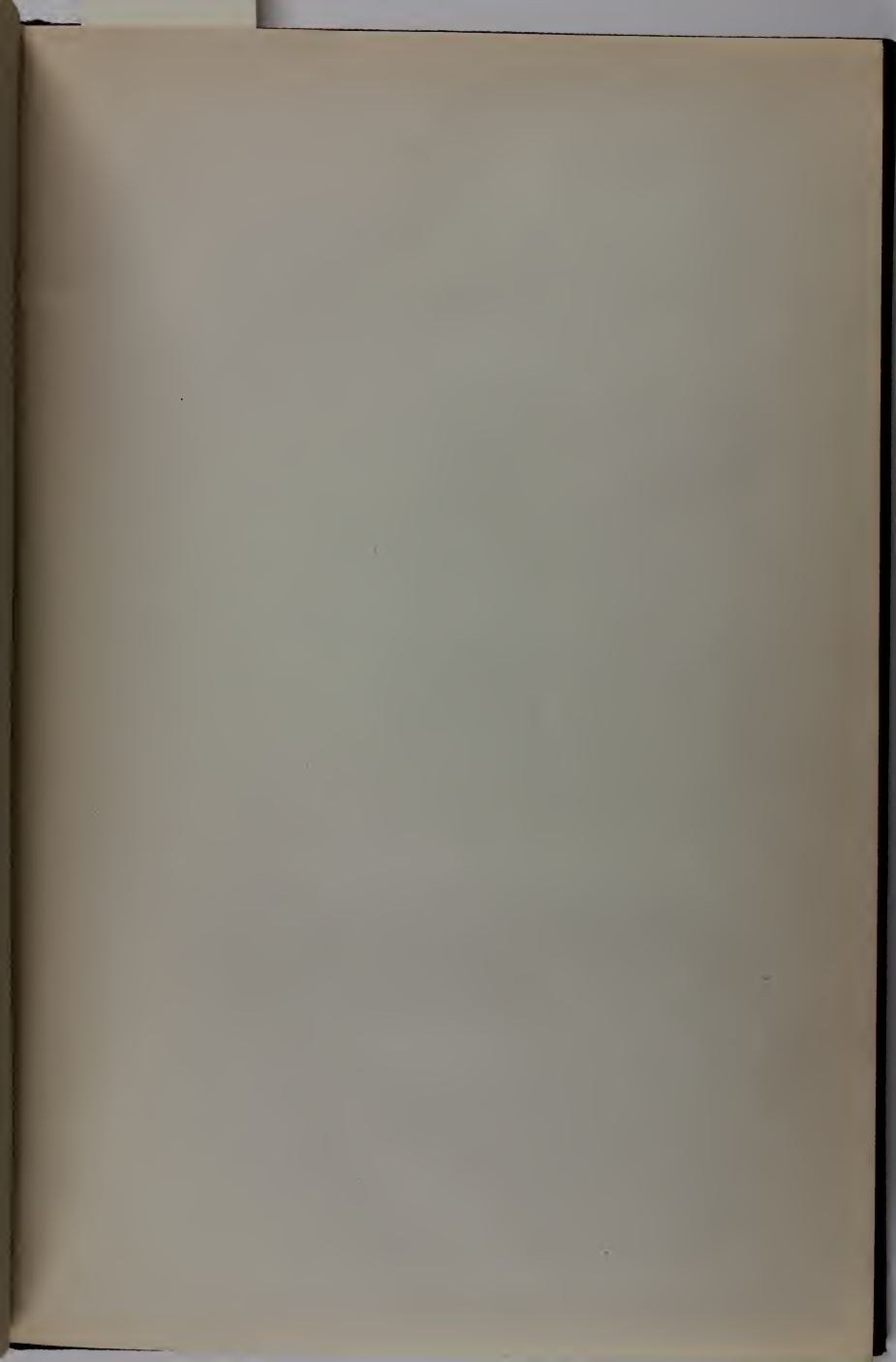






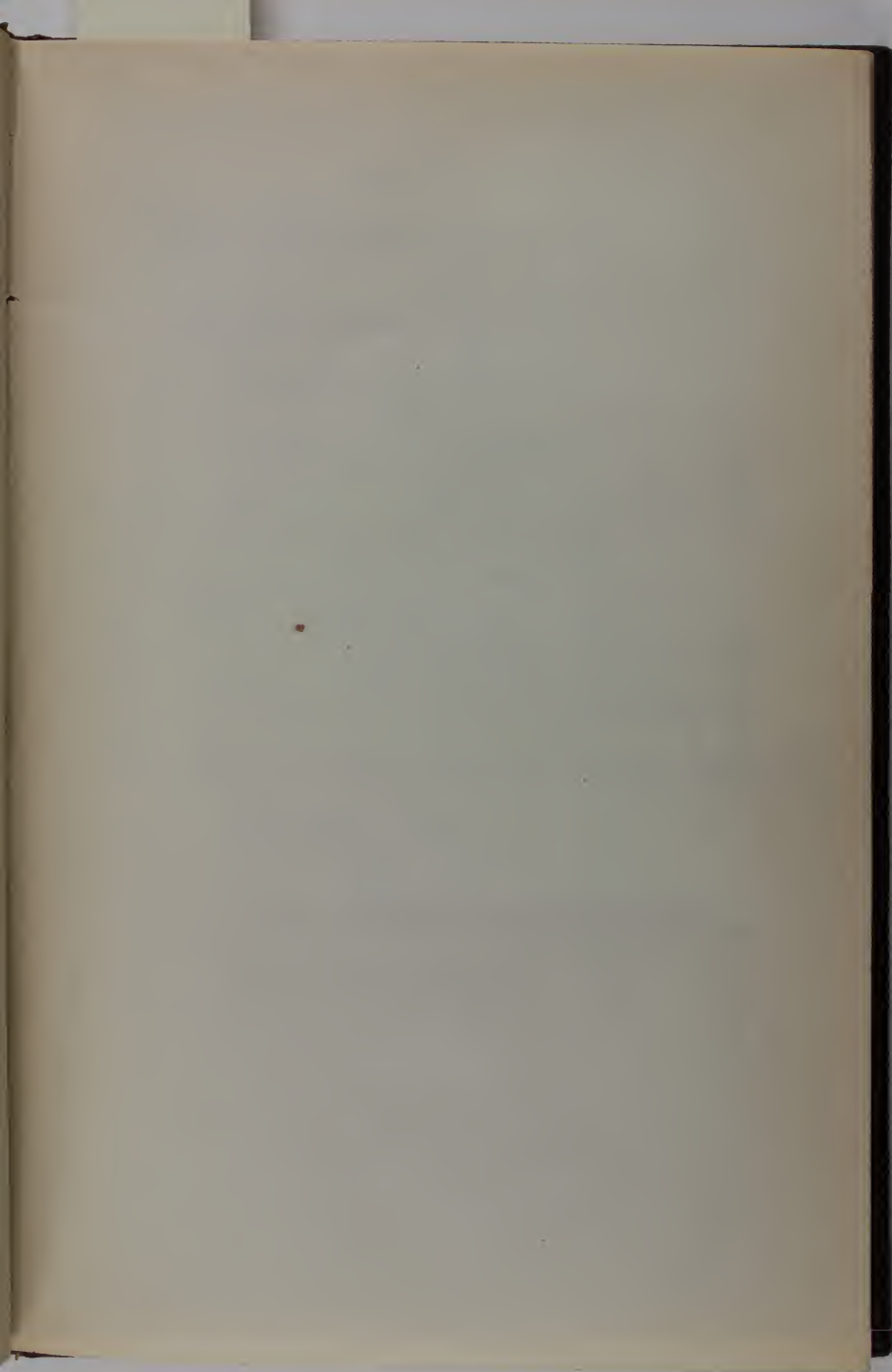
















Prompt book of "Macbeth"  
by,

Wm. Shoberg.

As Performed by -

E. H. Sothman

and

Julia Marlone.

With all the sets used all the  
business used by these  
in this 1st production of  
the play - at the Broadway  
theatre - in 1911 - New York City.

Made by

Lesh Taylor.

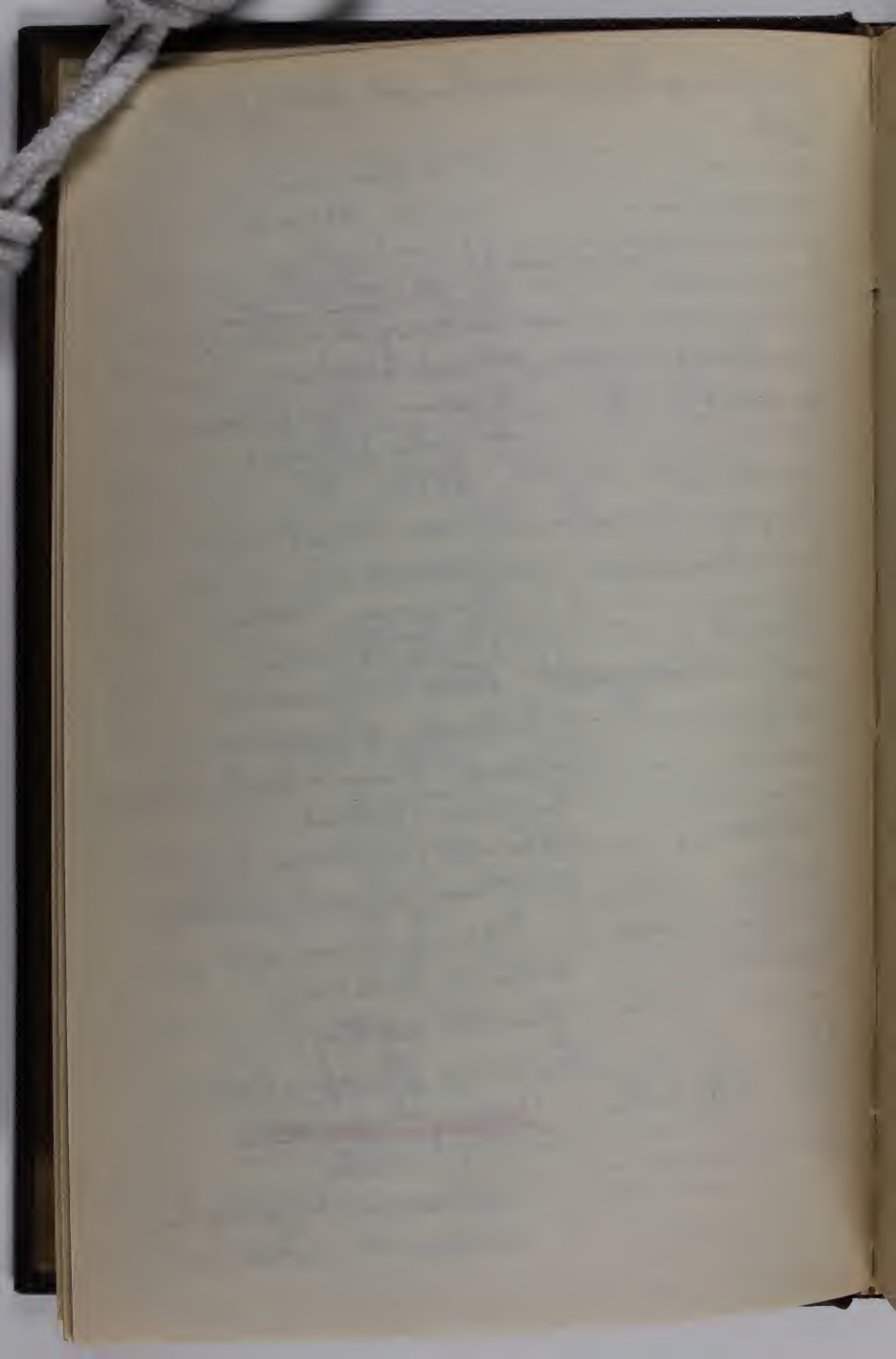
Peter & played

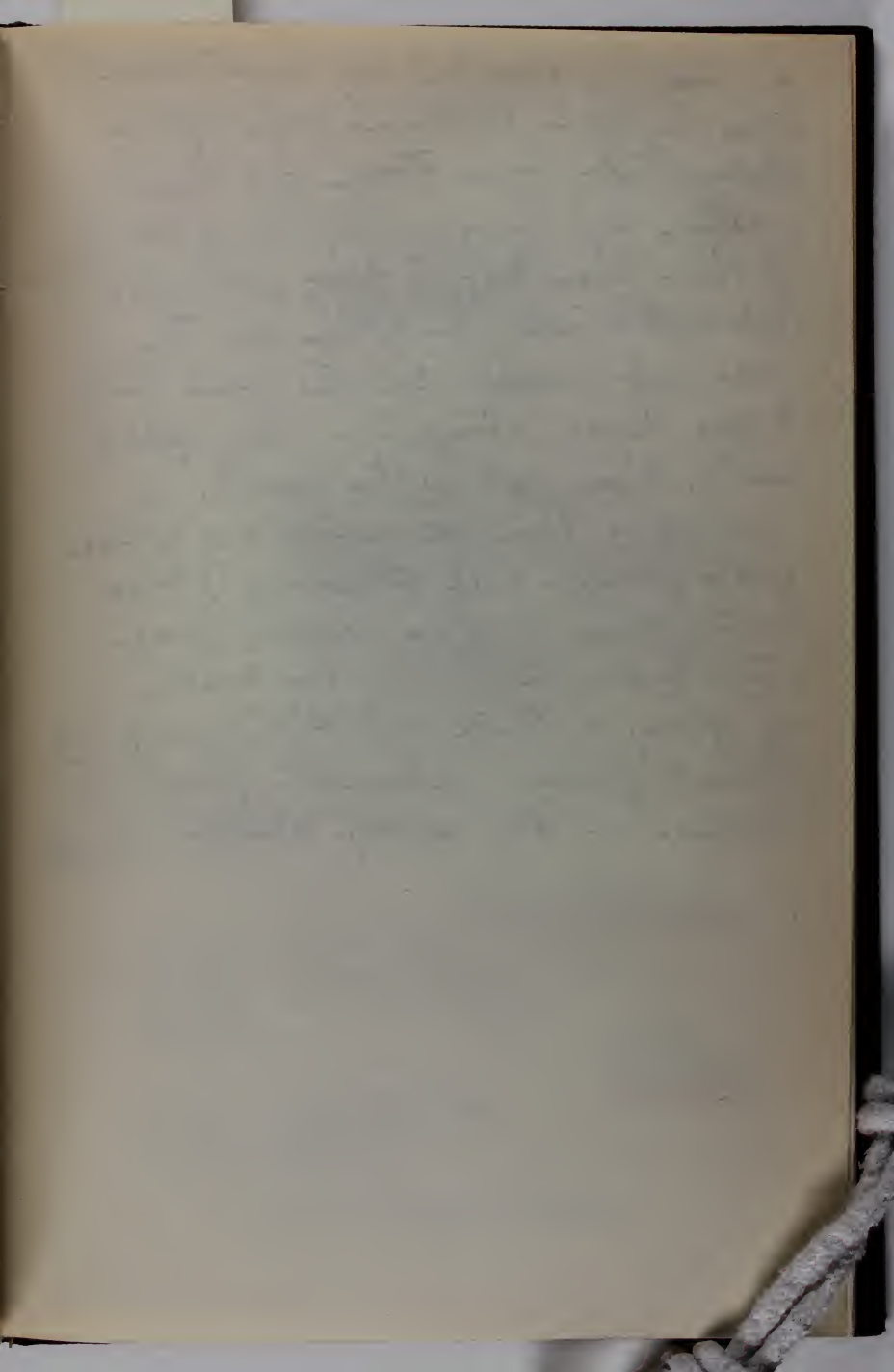
The Bleeding Sergeant - and  
Seymour. —

While we were rehearsing  
Macbeth. Peter Golden - one  
Irish foot - and ~~father~~ - who  
was my opponent in the fight  
in the last act. Gave me a  
terrible blow on the forefinger  
of my right hand. - splitting  
the finger open - leaving about  
an inch of white bone protruding.  
I was rushed to a physician -  
banded up with adhesive  
tape - and continued with  
rehearsals. - I passed with  
the co. - nor did I have the  
slightest trouble with the  
finger - was entirely healed  
in about 10 days - and all  
that remains to remind me  
of the accident is a tiny white  
line extending down, thro' the nail.

Cast of Macbeth as played in  
1911

Duncan	Wm Harris.
Malcolm	Eric Blind.
Donalbain	P. J. Kelly.
Macbeth	<u>E. A. Southern.</u>
Banquo	Dudley Mather.
Macduff	Fred Lewis.
Lennox	Frederic Beckett.
Ross	Lark Taylor.
Heath	Arthur Norton.
Angus	Fred. Rowland.
Cathness	Ernest Sinclair.
Fleance	Virginia Wells.
Siward	Paul Roberts.
Seyton & Sergeant	Thos. Coleman.
Two Officers	Robinson & Harris.
Murderers	Milnes Tilden & Arthur Harris.
Messengers	Milnes Tilden.
Doctor	Albert Howard.
Porter	Rowland Beckett.
Seelkinn	Nora Linn.
1st Witch	Albert Howard.
2nd "	M. Bradley.
3rd "	Louise Clippin.
Lady Macbeth	<u>Julia Marlborough.</u>
Apparitions	P. J. Kelly.
	Alfred Fralich.
	Charlotte Lewis.







2, stage is flooded by mysterious  
blue light. - Curtains go up on  
apparently bare stage the three  
artists are lying on the pile of rocks  
up R.C. - then raised gray garments  
all matted into the rocks so they  
are not visible til the rise and  
come down stage. - they appar-  
ently rise out of the earth as  
mist. - Their garments are coarse  
gray gleeze - with streams of blue  
and green cliffon nearly gray -  
Their faces and arms are made  
up gray & white with shadows of  
blue & green - except gray  
bees. - all carry stoffs. -

Sc. R. 67.

Back drops.

Rel. of rocks.

R.

L.

Footlights.

# Macbeth

## ACT I

Scene I.—The Open Country. 1.

READY flourish. LIGHTS half down.  
THUNDER and LIGHTNING before  
ringing up. 2,

WARN drum, trumpet and wind instru-  
ments before ringing up.

(Three WITCHES discovered.)

R.C. 1ST WITCH. When shall we three meet again —  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

C. 2D WITCH. When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's<sup>1</sup> lost and won.

L.C. 3D WITCH. That will be ere set of sun.

From READY change.

1ST WITCH. Where the place?

2D WITCH. Upon the heath.

3D WITCH. There to meet with —

1ST WITCH. Whom?

2D WITCH.

Macbeth.

THUNDER.

1ST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin.

2D WITCH. Paddock calls.

1ST WITCH. Anon.

<sup>1</sup> The war in which Macbeth was engaged.

ALL. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*from behind & circle around*

THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

~~Exeunt~~ WITCHES, *severally.*

*and crawl down*

CHANGE set.

*Lights out.*

LIGHTS full up.

FLOURISH and drums, L. & E.

*front scene* Scene II.

*Camp near Forres.*  
~~The Palace at Forres.~~

Enter, L. & E., ~~two CHAMBERLAINS with white wands, bow-  
ing on King, etc.~~ KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
LENOX, ROSSE, and ATTENDANTS, L., *meeting four SOL-  
DIERS bearing litter with a wounded OFFICER, R. & E.,  
bold and full of tidings till he faints.*

KING (C.). What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

READY flourish.

MAL. This is the serjeant,  
Who, like a good and hearty soldier, fought  
'Gainst my captivity. ~~f.~~ Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

OFF. Doubtfully it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald  
From the western isles  
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied  
And Fortune, on his damnéd quarrel smiling,  
Showed like a rebel's whore. <sup>2</sup> But all's too weak:  
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion,  
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;  
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

*Very int*

*collapses on back.*

1. + to R.C. - Sealsate Ser - who lies on  
beds. - supporting himself on R. elbow.  
his head is bowed with bloody bandage.  
Ser. raises drooping head as Mal.  
speaks to him. -
- 2 collapse - one of the soldiers supports  
him from back. -

1. Sergeant recovers. raises himself  
on R. hand.

2 Soldiers take letter & Sergeant W.P.I.  
Malcolm + to P.C. join others.



KING. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

1. OFF. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,  
Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault. — *Real collapse - soldier supports him.*

2. KING. Dismayed not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

OFF. Yes;

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion. — *falls back*  
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

KING. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds.  
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

2. *Per,* Exeunt OFFICER and SOLDIER, R. I. E.; as soon as OFFICER is  
about off.

TRUMPET, R.

Who comes here?

~~MAL. The worthy Thane of Fife~~

LEN. What a haste looks through his eyes!

ROSSE. So should he look,  
~~That seems to speak things strange.~~

*Rose*  
Enter MACBETH, R. I. E.

*Rose* ~~MAL.~~ God save the King! (*Kneels.*) *Salute. Real R. I. E.*

KING. Whence camest thou, worthy Thane?

READY flourish.

*Rise. Ros.* ~~MAL.~~ From Fife, great King,  
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

READY change.

And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
The Thane of Cawdor, ~~he~~ gan a dismal conflict.  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,<sup>1</sup>  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.—

<sup>1</sup> Inclosed in armour of proof.

KING. Great happiness!

*Pros* ~~MACD.~~ That now *Turn J. Jozorey*  
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disbursed, at St. Colmes' Inch,  
Ten thousand dollars for our general use.

*thun R.* KING. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest;—Go, pronounce his present death,  
And with his former titles greet Macbeth.

MACD. I'll see it done. *Salute eff. - R. 1.*

~~Exeunt MACDUFF and LENOX, R. I. E.~~

KING. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

FLOURISH of trumpets and  
drums till all off.

*all start out* ~~Exeunt, L. & E.~~ *Lights out.*  
CHANGE set.

Scene III.—A Heath.—*Bridge in the background, over the  
mountains. ~~same as before~~ R. 1.*

THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

LIGHTS half down.

Enter the three WITCHES, meeting. *from Rocks, R. 1. as before*

*C.* 1ST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?

*J. C.* 2D WITCH. Killing swine.

*R. C.* 3D WITCH. Sister, where thou?

1ST WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—"Give me,"  
quoth I.

"Aroint thee,<sup>1</sup> witch!" the rump-fed ronyon<sup>2</sup> cries.

READY drum and Macbeth for  
March. U. E.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.

*march around in circles.*

<sup>1</sup> Begone.

<sup>2</sup> Fat, bulky man.

1. Turn L. speak to others.

2. When we go round in circle and  
back to position, they started  
from. —

1. Stage is kept in blue - but a faint  
candle glow comes on as Macbeth  
enters. - The niches should be only  
in the blue light. -

2. Crowd close eagerly to see -

2D WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

1ST WITCH. Thou art kind.

FOOTLIGHTS gradually up to half  
till Macbeth enters. 1.

3D WITCH. And I another.

1ST WITCH. I myself have all the other!

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.<sup>1</sup>

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day, *all going about in circle*

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary seven nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—

Look what I have. *Take from pouch at side*

2, 2D WITCH. Show me, show me.

1ST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wrecked as homeward he did come.

DRUM, piano, keeping time of march. 3.

3D WITCH. A drum, a drum; *drum drum drum*  
Macbeth doth come.

~~MARCH.~~ *Piano to die away.*  
*entirely as Macbeth enters.*

ALL. The weird sisters, hand in hand, *circle - hands*  
Posters of the sea and land, *joined.*  
Thus do go about, about.

*(Join hands and turn.)*

2D WITCH. Thrice to thine, — *round each other*

3D WITCH. And thrice to mine, — *like swinging fast -*

1ST WITCH. And thrice again, — *ness.*

ALL. To make up nine.

1ST WITCH. Peace:—the charm's wound up.

*Witches get back to rock* FOOTLIGHTS fall up. *half*  
*& disappear.* — <sup>1</sup> Sea-chart.



*(They retire, R. B.)*

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and part of the army, L. U. E.  
~~The remainder halt on the bridge. MACBETH enters L.~~  
~~U. E., passes L. 2 E., when his line is spoken. BANQUO~~  
~~speaks his half line without L. U. E., enters and sees~~  
~~WITCHES, R.~~

~~MACB. Command they make a halt upon the heath.~~

~~PROMPTER (within). Halt, halt, halt.~~

*L.C.* MACB. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BAN. How far is't called to Forres? *(Observing the*  
*WITCHES.)* What are these,

So withered, and so wild in their attire,

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? *(WITCHES put finger on lip.)* You  
 seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

READY thunder.

LIGHTS up.

READY flourish.

That you are so. *climb to Macb. L.*

MACB. Speak, if ye can:—What are you?

2. 1ST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of  
 Glamis!

3. 2D WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of  
 Cawdor!

4. 3D WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

*low*  
*macb.* *(WITCHES start.)* MACBETH starts, confused.)

BAN. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
 Things that do sound so fair? *(To WITCHES.)* I' the name  
 of truth,

*(WITCHES turn from him. Whirring)*

Are ye fantastical, or that, indeed,

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great prediction

1. Mitchel leave rock, R.C. - + down R.C.  
1st with near C - 2nd R of 1st down - 3. R of  
2nd down.

2. Have arms in air - and bars -

3       "       "       "       "       "       "

4       "       "       "       "       "       "

1/ Nitcher, crouch on Rocks, P.C. diving  
completely - giving weird - cackling laugh.  
Mach - uttered C. stertor, Baa L.C.  
Pence - look at each other, after  
counting 5; Began speech. —

Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems wrapt withal: to me you speak not:  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,  
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours nor your hate.

(WITCHES *turn slowly and hail him.*)

1ST WITCH. Hail! *hail in air.*

2D WITCH. Hail!

3D WITCH. Hail!

1ST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, though greater. *low.*

2D WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier. *low.*

3D WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none. *low.*

ALL. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! *hail up.*  
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! (*Going. up R.*)

MACB. (*crossing toward WITCHES.*) Stay, you imperfect  
speakers,—tell me more; *Witches pause R.C.*

By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? *Witches go up R.*

(*WITCHES vanish, R.*)

# THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Speak, I charge you. /

BAN. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanished? *to R.C.*

MACB. Into the air; and what seemed corporal, melted  
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid! *to L.C.*

BAN. Were such things here, as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,

That takes the reason prisoner?

MACB. Your children shall be kings.

BAN. You shall be king.

MACB. And Thane of Cawdor, too; went it not so?

BAN. To the self-same tune and words.

FLOURISH, R.

Who's here?

*Ross. Angus. to R.C. Macbeth*  
Enter MACDUFF and LENOX, R. I. E.

*up R.C. Ross, Macd.* The King hath happily received, Macbeth,  
 The news of thy success: and, when he reads  
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
 His wonders and his praises do contend,  
 Which should be thine, or his: Silenced with that,  
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,  
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
 Strange images of death. As thick as ~~hale~~ *hail.*  
 Came post with post: and every one did bear  
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
 And poured them down before him.

*down R.C. Len.* We are sent *Angus*  
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
 Only to herald thee into his sight,  
 Not pay thee.

*Ross Macd.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor: *L.*  
 In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!  
 For it is thine.

BAN. (*aside*). What! can the devil speak true? *Pause*

*C. MACB.* The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me  
 In borrowed robes?

MACD. Who was the Thane, lives yet;  
 But under heavy judgment bears that life,  
 Which he deserves to lose;  
 For treasons capital, confessed, and proved,  
 Have overthrown him. *2*

*Ross. Angus*  
 (*MACDUFF, LENOX*), BANQUO retire up-stage. MACBETH crosses  
to L.

MACB. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!  
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—  
 (*To BANQUO, coming down R.*) Do you not hope your chil-

dren shall be kings,  
 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,  
 Promised no less to them?

BAN. That, trusted home,  
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,



1. Mac. starts violently - Beng/oo starts  
lost at Mac. - turn S. -

2 Bengue, + to Ross & Hughes, they go  
up R.C. -

1. term to Ross & Angus, -

2. term and speaks to Ross & Angus -

3 + to C. hand on Beng. shoulder.

Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :  
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;  
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
 In deepest consequences. ~~A~~ Cousin, a word, I pray you.

(He retires up the stage. ~~to Ross & Angus, R.~~)

READY Macbeth March.

MACB. (*in front* ~~LC~~) Two truths are told,  
 As happy prologues to the swelling act  
 Of the imperial theme. ~~2~~ I thank you, gentlemen. ~~+ down R. C.~~  
 This supernatural soliciting  
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good. — If ill,  
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
 Commencing in a truth ? — I am Thane of Cawdor !  
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
 Against the use of nature ? Present fears  
 Are less than horrible imaginings :  
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
 Is smothered in surmise ; and nothing is,  
 But what is not.

READY flourish.

~~up R. C.~~ BAN. (~~to~~ ~~MACDUFF~~ ~~and~~ ~~LENOR~~). Look, how our partner's  
 rapt.

LIGHTS up.

MACB. If chance will have me king, why, chance may  
 crown me,

READY change.

Without my stir.

~~up R. C.~~ BAN. New honours come upon him  
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,  
 But with the aid of use.

~~down R. C.~~ MACB. Come what, come may,  
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

~~+ down C.~~ BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

~~Turn C.~~ MACB. Give me your favour : — my dull brain was wrought  
 With things forgotten. ~~3~~ Kind gentlemen, your pains  
 Are registered where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.—*turn to Banquo*  
 (*Aside to BANQUO.*) Think upon what hath chanced; and, at  
 more time,

The interim having weighed it, let us speak  
 Our free hearts each to other.

BAN. Very gladly.

MACB. Till then, enough. *1.* Come, friends.

**MARCH** till all off.

~~Exeunt, R.~~

~~CHANGE and turn up lights.~~

~~FLOURISH of trumpets and  
 drums till all on.~~

*Cawdor*  
**Scene IV.**—~~The Palace at Forres.~~ *Same as 2*

*all attendants*  
 Enter KING DUNCAN, DONALBAIN, MALCOLM, ROSE, and  
*two* CHAMBERLAINS, L. 2 E.

*C.* KING. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
 Those in commission yet returned?

MAL. My liege,

They are not yet come back;

But I have spoke

With one that saw him die: who did report,

That very frankly he confessed his treasons;

Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth

**READY** flourish.

A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
 Became him, like the leaving it. He died  
 As one that had been studied in his death,  
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

KING. There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built

An absolute trust.—

*Rose Angel*  
 Enter MACDUFF, MACBETH, BANQUO, and LENOX, R. I E.

*They kneel and present standard taken from the enemy,  
 which KING directs 2D OFFICER to take. — MACBETH and  
 not rise.*

1. Passed up river - saw about 1000 -  
+ to R.C. - out to 1 - Pres & Angus follow -  
Amber light feeds - as nitcher trees  
from rocks - come down C. - looking  
off after Mac - passing -  
Cerleia



- 1, + to C. - Macb. give way to L.C. -
- 2, Macb. looks at Dec. & Beech/fermy - shows jealousy -
- 3 Turns L. -
- 4 Malcolm steps to L of Dec. - kneels.
- 5 - All kneel. - Mac. humbly -
- 6 Malcolm rises - others rise. King addresses Macb. -

*King Duncan to Macbeth*  
 L.C. Oh, worthiest cousin,

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
 Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,  
~~That swiftest wing of recompense is slow~~  
~~To overtake thee.~~ Would thou hadst less deserved,  
 That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,  
 Might have been mine! only I've left to say,  
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*C. River.* MACB. The service and the loyalty I owe,  
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
 Is to receive our duties: ~~and our duties~~  
~~Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;~~  
~~Which do but what they should, by doing everything~~  
 Safe toward your love and honour.

KING. Welcome hither:  
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
 To make thee full of growing. ~~4.~~ Noble Banquo,  
 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
 No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,  
 And hold thee to my heart. *Underneath Banq. 2.*

BAN. There, if I grow,  
 The harvest is your own.

KING. My plenteous joys,  
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves hand to eyes.  
 In drops of sorrow. ~~3.~~ Sons, kinsmen, thanes, all select  
 And you, whose places are the nearest, know,  
 We will establish our estate upon  
 Our eldest, Malcolm: ~~4.~~ whom we name hereafter

READY change.

*5.* The Prince of Cumberland: ~~(all bow)~~ which honour must  
 Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
 On all deservers. ~~6.~~ From hence to Inverness,  
 And bind us further to you.

MACB. The rest is labour, which is not used for you;  
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
 So humbly take my leave.

KING. My worthy Cawdor!

MACB. *(aside, and crossing, &c.)* The Prince of Cumber-  
 land!—That is a step,

FLOURISH

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!  
 Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
 The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,  
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Exit, L. I. E. Cell turn P. Start on

~~KING. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,  
 And in his commendations I am fed;  
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;  
 It is a peerless kinsman.~~

Exeunt, L. I. E. Order of exit: 1st, two OFFICERS with  
standard; 2d, two CHAMBERLAINS, KING and BANQUO,  
MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, MACBETH, LENOX and ROSSE,  
two OFFICERS, R. I. E. and L. 2 E.

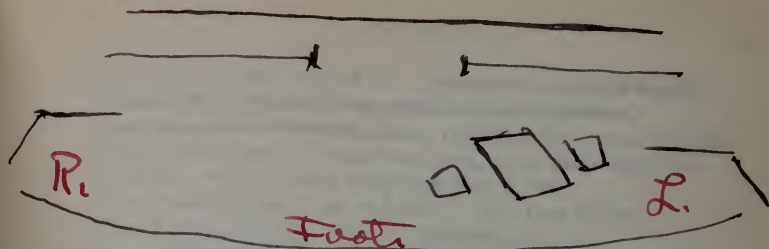
Lighted reel. FLOURISH of trumpets and  
drums till all off.  
CHANGE set.

Scene V.—MACBETH'S Castle at Inverness. 1.

Enter LADY MACBETH, R. I. E., reading a letter.

to C. LADY M. (with a written letter). "They met me in the day  
 of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report they  
 have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in  
 desire to question them farther, they made themselves—air, into  
 which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it,  
 came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of  
 Cawdor,' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me,  
 and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king  
 that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my  
 dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the  
 dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is prom-  
 ised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell." 2.  
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
 What thou art promised! 3. Yet do I fear thy nature:  
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;  
 Art not without ambition: but without

1. Scene Plck.



2 Clutch letter to heart.

3 + to L.C. front of table.





The illness should attend it. ~~What thou would'st highly,  
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,  
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
And that, which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone."~~ Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter SEYTON, R. I. E., cap off. Manner full of haste.

L.C. Inuells R.C.

What is your tidings?

SEY. The King comes here to-night.

+ to C. LADY M. Thou'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have informed for preparation.

READY flourish, and bag pipe march.

SEY. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

LADY M. Give him tending  
He brings great news. + to L.C.

Exit SEYTON, R. I. E.

The raven himself is hoarse,  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits + to C.  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between  
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances

*4 to L.*  
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
 Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
 To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

*1, Enter MACBETH, R. 1 to C.*

READY change.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present, and I feel now  
 The future in the instant.

MACB. My dearest love, *Embrace hold her close*  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

*2, LADY M.* And when goes hence?

MACB. To-morrow—as he purposes. *+ R. —*

LADY M. Oh, never *to R. C.*  
 Shall sun that morrow see *Macb turns to Lady M.*  
 Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men  
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
 Must be provided for: and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my dispatch;  
 Which shall to all our days and nights to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. *1 cause —*

*Mac - 4 to C. (Goes to R. wing. Exit slowly.)*

MACB. We will speak further. *holds out arms*

LADY M. Only look up clear; *goes to Macb.*  
 To alter favour ever is to fear:  
 Leave all the rest to me. *stand out C.*

*Certain*

Exeunt, R.

CHANGE set.

FLOURISH of trumpets and  
drums, till all on.

1. Lady Macb. - give hoarse cry of joy - rushes to him - embrace him - then stands away L. - holding him off arms length.
- 2 Steps away arms length. -

1. Scene Plot.

R.

L.

Table

2. Boys with torches come on C. take  
place either side of gate. - Lady Macbeth  
comes sneaking on C. - Peyton follows.  
3 Lady Macbeth kneels C. P. of Duncan -  
bites his hand. -

Scene VI.—The Gates of Inverness Castle. 1.

~~(Six servants discovered uncovered either side. Enter R. I E., two CHAMBERLAINS, who exit through C. gates, off R. Four OFFICERS who stand up R., and characters all ranging on R.)~~

Enter KING DUNCAN, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and ATTENDANTS, 2. 1

R.C. KING. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

L.C. BAN. This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet,<sup>1</sup> does approve,  
By his loved mansionry, that the Heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, or coigne<sup>2</sup> of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.  
Where they most breed and haunt,—I have observed  
The air is delicate.

BAND plays bag-pipe march behind gates.

2. Enter LADY MACBETH, SEYTON, and six ladies, from the castle gates. C. 1. 3. 5.

~~(Two CHAMBERLAINS enter C. from R., then the six ladies who range L., and curtsy to the KING; then SEYTON bowing on LADY MACBETH. Everybody bows.)~~

KING. See, see! our honoured hostess! Lady Macbeth 3  
The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid Heaven yield us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble. Raise Lady Macb.  
LADY M. very heartily. All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith

READY change.

Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heaped up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

<sup>1</sup> A kind of swallow.

<sup>2</sup> Coigne (Fr.), a corner.



KING. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
 We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
 To be his purveyor; but he rides well;  
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him  
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
 We are your guest to-night.

LADY M. Your servants ever low low.  
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,<sup>1</sup>  
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
 Still to return your own.

KING. Give me your hand; take her hand.  
 Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,

~~BAG PIPE MARCH.~~

And shall continue our graces towards him.  
 By your leave, hostess.

Exeunt, C., through the Castle Gates. Six ladies two and two; LADY MACBETH leading DUNCAN: two CHAMBERLAINS, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, MACDUFF and BANQUO, LENOX and ROSSE: OFFICERS two and two. Servants meet at bottom and pair off, led by SETTON.

Light out. Claret.

~~STOP MARCH.~~

CHANGE set.

Scene as Act 5 - Claret, drawn C.  
 Scene VII.—MACBETH'S Castle at Inverness. Room in Castle  
~~not grove. An opening in R. F. backed by Gothic 2.~~  
~~Music continued. Six servants with covered dishes of~~  
~~gold and silver pass from C to R., back of opening.~~  
 Music ceases.

Enter MACBETH, C. — to table I.C.

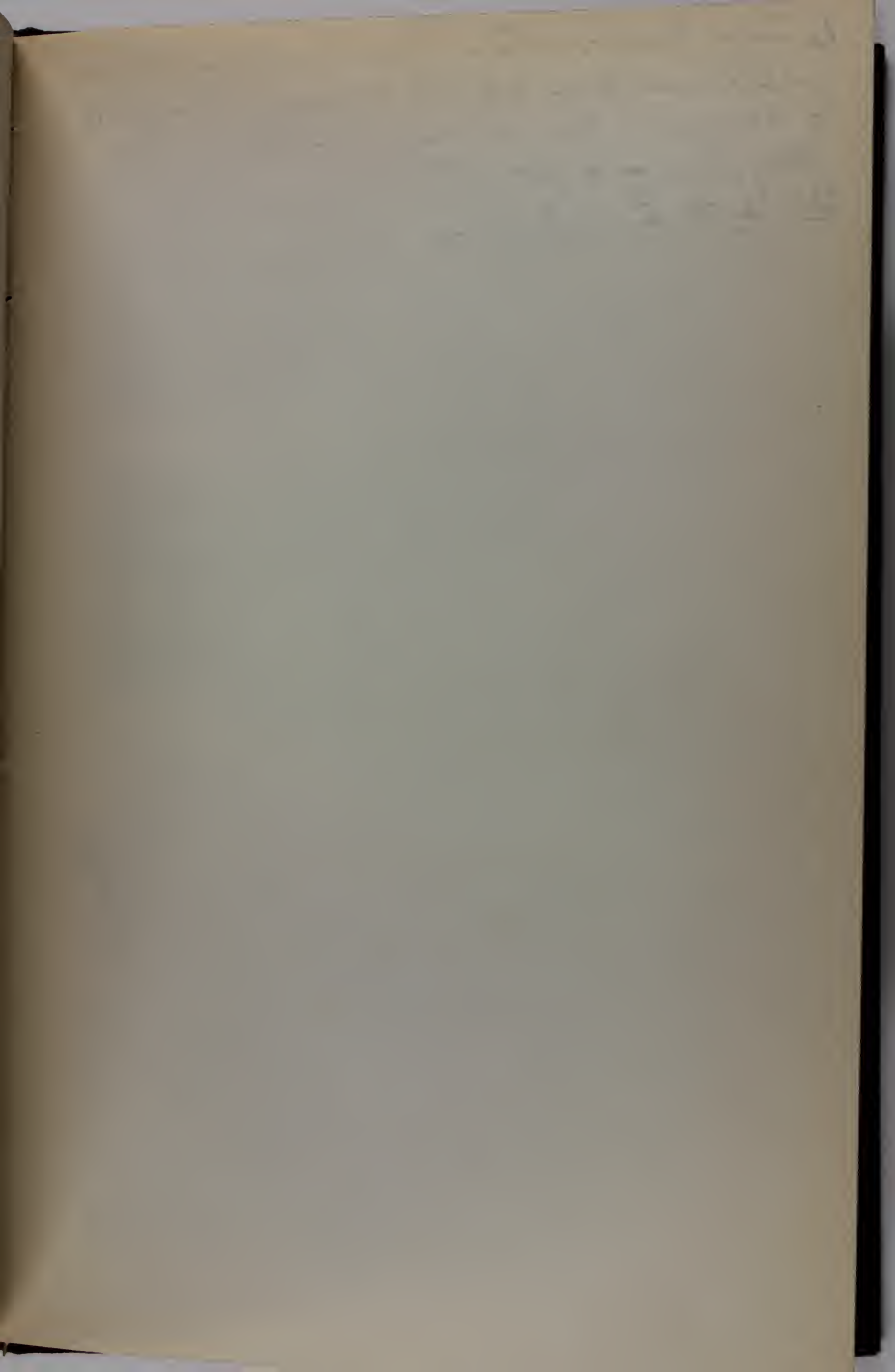
~~ALL~~ quiet behind.

MACB. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well.  
 It were done quickly, if the assassination  
 Could trammel<sup>2</sup> up the consequence, and catch  
 With his surcease,<sup>3</sup> success!—That but this blow  
 Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here—

<sup>1</sup> Account.

<sup>2</sup> Intercept.

<sup>3</sup> Extinction.



1. Lady Macb. enters thro' C. curtain. When  
curtain open slight noise of C. curtain  
is heard. - She brings curtain close  
together - + down C. -

2 + to L. side L.C.

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,  
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
 To our own lips.—He's here in double trust: *See. R. of table*  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,—  
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,

~~NO MORE MUSIC~~ this act.

Not bear the knife myself.—Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:  
 I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on the other. —How now! what news? *Spring up.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, R. & E. C. — 1.

LADY M. He has almost supped: why have you left the  
 chamber?

MACB. Hath he asked for me?

LADY M. Know you not, he has?

2. MACB. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside so soon. *Lady M. + to L. of Macb.*

LADY M. Was the hope drunk  
 Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since,  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely? From this time,  
 Such I account thy love.—Art thou afeared  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,—  
 Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,  
 Like the poor cat i' th' adage? *(Crossing, L.)*

MACB. 'Pr'ythee, peace: *Rise*  
I dare do all that may become a man —  
Who dares do more, is none.

LADY M. What beast was it, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: /,  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn  
As you have done to this! (*Cross R., return to a. c.*)

*Rise* MACB. If we should fail —

WARN curtain.

*C.* LADY M. We fail! —

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail. <sup>2</sup> When Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck <sup>1</sup> only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenchéd natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> MACB. Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. <sup>4</sup> Will it not be received,  
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

LADY M. Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

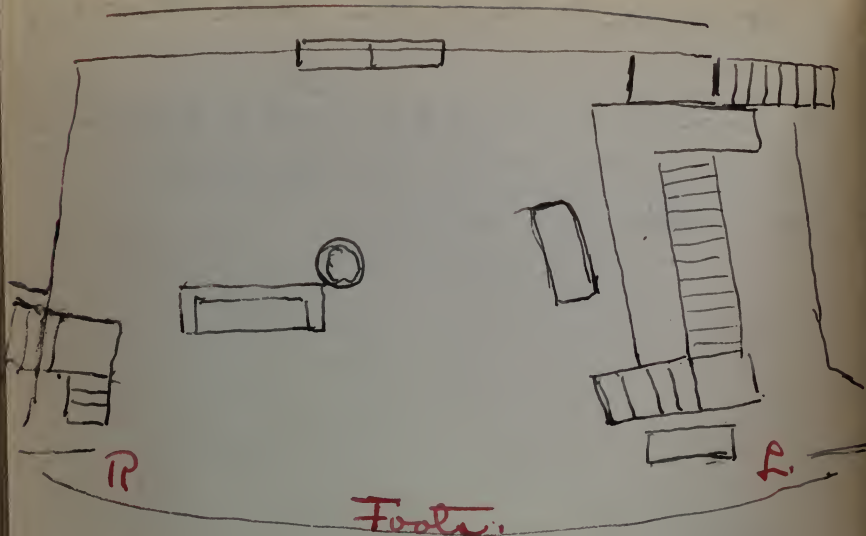
<sup>1</sup> From Alembic, a still.

<sup>2</sup> Murder.



1. Macb. sits P. deprecatingly.
2. ~~+~~ close to Macb. - look towards C. door. -
3. Macb. embraces Lady Macb. - looks close into her eyes. -
4. holds her away -

1. Plot of Scene.



2. Fleance + to R. of Banquo. stood  
close to him - Banq. puts arm  
about him. —

MACB. I am settled; and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.—

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Lady Mac.*—

Exeunt, C.

*Am about*  
*Lights out.*

Curtain

RING curtain.

## CURTAIN

### ACT II

I. Scene I.—MACBETH'S Castle at Inverness.—The

*Corridor*

Blue glow on stage

LIGHTS down

Enter from KING'S door, R. 2 E., 1ST SERVANT with torch bow-  
ing on BANQUO and FLEANCE, then stands at back C.

Then enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, discovered on  
bench R. C. with torch

*Enter L.* BAN. How goes the night, boy? + to Fleance R. C.

FLE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BAN. And she goes down at twelve.

FLE. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

READY clock to strike two.

BAN. There's husbandry in Heaven —  
Their candles are all out. —

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the curséd thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose!

Enter SEYTON, with a torch, and MACBETH, L. 2 E. down  
*steps*

READY, R. 2 E., blood, two daggers, claymore.

Who's there? + to C.

READY, L., dressing gown, table, brush,  
comb, basin of water, towel, soap, glass,  
lighted candle, all for Macbeth.

+ to C. MACB. A friend.

BAN. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed:  
 He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
 Sent forth great largesse<sup>1</sup> to your offices:  
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
 By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
 In measureless content.

MACB. Being unprepared,  
 Our will became the servant to defect;  
 Which else should free have wrought. *+ to R.C.*

BAN. All's well.—

*(Crosses in front to L.)*

I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters:  
 To you they have shewed some truth.

~~READY swords, torches, etc.~~

*turn* MACB. I think not of them:  
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
 Would spend it in some words upon that business,  
 If you would grant the time.

BAN. At your kind'st leisure.

MACB. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
 It shall make honour for you.

BAN. So I lose none,  
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
 My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,

READY thunder and lightning.

I shall be counselled.

MACB. Good repose, the while! *Salute.*

*Salute* BAN. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Exeunt FLEANCE, BANQUO and 1ST SERVANT, L & E.

MACB. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
 She strike upon the bell.—Get thee to bed.

Exit SEYTON, L. 3 E. 4. *Steele's*

*L.* Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: *1.*  
 I have thee not: and yet I see thee still! *Have not yet clutch*  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

<sup>1</sup> Largesse (French), gift, present.

1. Catch at imaginary days - then looks  
at hands. - perceive. -



1. Machine much agitated - speaks in suppressed - excited voice. -
2. Mach. starts in terror at sound of bell. - listens - perceives fear count of 5 - after 2nd stroke.
3. Punks at foot of steps - looks at dog - then back L. - hesitates - then goes quickly up steps off thru door R. 1.
4. Lady comes down steps L. to C.

1. To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but Remind on brow.  
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? Remind out.  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw. Draw dagger  
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still! Remind out.  
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing!  
 It is the bloody business, which informs + to R.  
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,  
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace  
 Toward his design + to C.  
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
 And take the present horror from the time  
 Which now suits with it.

CLOCK strikes two. 2.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell

That summons thee to Heaven, or to hell! + to Dear R. 3.

Exit, R. D.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING. Heavy flash  
and peal as Macbeth opens door, R. 1 E.

Enter LADY MACBETH, ~~E~~'s up on Macbeth

LOW thunder till Lady M., C., then  
heavy peal. 21.

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made  
 me bold;

SLOW thunder.

What hath quenched them, hath given me fire:

SHORT and loud thunder.

Hark—Peace!  
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night.

SHORT thunder.

(Crossing R.)<sup>1</sup>—He is about it;  
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores <sup>2</sup>I have drugged their  
possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

THUNDER.

R. MACB. (within). Who's there?—what, ho! <sup>3</sup>  
LADY M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done!—the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us. <sup>4</sup>Hark!—I laid their daggers ready—  
He could not miss them. <sup>5</sup>Had he not resembled  
My father, as he slept, I had done't! <sup>6</sup>My husband! <sup>7</sup>

~~Enter MACBETH, R. 2 E. Starts.~~

MACB. I have done the deed:—Did'st thou not hear a  
noise?

LADY M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

MACB. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended?

THUNDER, loud and short.

LADY M. Ay.

(~~MACBETH starts up behind to R. LADY MACBETH crosses  
quickly to L. corner looking at MACBETH.~~) + back R.

back R. MACB. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. This is a sorry sight.

(Showing his hands. All bloody)

R. 2 E. LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried  
"Murder!" <sup>8</sup>

1. Stands at door listens intently.
2. Comes down R. C.
3. Lady - almost shrieks in terror - puts hands over mouth. - + to C.
4. Goes back to door. foot of steps - listens.
5. Turn away - + step toward C. -
6. Macb. appears at door R. - with two bloody daggers.
7. Macb. staggers down steps to R. - Lady. Macb. rushes to him. Seizes arm about him - he staggers to bench & collapses. Lady Macb. - steers off him. Macb. puts daggers on bench. -
8. This scene is played in hoarse whispers. -

1. Arm about Mach. shoulder. —
- 2 Mach. growing louder. Lady Mach. very nervous tries to quiet him. —
- 3 Sees daggers. — grabs them up — fearfully. —
- 4 Mach. takes daggers — looks at P. dear — staggers back —
- 5 Takes daggers from Mach.
- 6 + to P.C. —



That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them :  
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them  
Again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodged together.

MACB. One cried, "God bless us:" and "Amen," the  
other ;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands, Cold and hard  
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

READY knock, C.

1. LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen ?  
I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more ! Powder  
*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;  
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

LADY M. What do you mean ? reconciling

MACB. Still it cried, Sleep no more ! to all the house :  
*Glamis hath murdered sleep ; and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more ! 2.*

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy  
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things ; go, get some water, Quell'd Macbeth  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. — 3 —

Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?

They must lie there : Go, carry them ; and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood. Hold daggers to Macbeth

4. MACB. I'll go no more : (Crosses to L.)

I am afraid to think what I have done ; —

Look on't again, I dare not !

LADY M. Infirm of purpose ! + to R. of Macbeth.

Give me the daggers. 3. The sleeping, and the dead,

Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. 6. If he do bleed,

6

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal.

For it must seem their guilt. *+ up steps and 78 R-door!*

PAUSE, count ten, then KNOCK,  
quick and heavy. *78 L.*

Exit, R. 2 E.

*2*, MACB. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

*3*. What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,

Making the green—one red. *circle on bench R.C.*

*head bowed.*

Reenter LADY MACBETH, R. 2 E. Closes door.

SEE that Lady M. closes door.

*4* LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.—

KNOCKING. *L. 5*

I hear a knocking

At the south entry—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then? Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—

KNOCKING. *L.*

Hark! more knocking: *pull at Mack.*

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us

And shew us to be watchers.—Be not lost *pull Mack C.*

So poorly in your thoughts.

READY alarm bell.

MACB. To know my deed—'twere best not know myself.  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou could'st! *7.*

Exeunt *Twice per.*

KNOCKING again.

*8. 1* (LADY MACBETH pulls MACBETH away, R.)

*8. 2* (Slight pause after knocking. Enter *Porter, L. 3 E., with*  
*bunch of keys. Examines them. Yawns. Goes up and*  
*unlocks G. gate. Chains fall as gate is opened. Stands L.*

1. Macb. goes to Bench R. - sits listening intently. -
- 2 Macb. starts up terrified. -
- 3 holds out his hands. -
- 4 + to Macb. - hold out hands to him bloodstained. -
- 5 Lady M starts - terrified. - comes to
- 6 tries to get Macb. up. -
- 7 Lady M. with great effort gets Macb. across stage - up stairs, and off L. upper. -

8. Porter enters L. upper, under Platform -  
L.C. occurs. - speaks, following.

"Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. - (knock) Knock-knock. - knock! - (up C.) Who's there is the name of Breckin? Here's a farmer, hee'd him self on the expectation of fleety; come in time; here naphkins scoured about you; here you'll be owed for it. - (knock) Knock-knock. Who's there in the devil's name? - (knock) knock-knock-knock. Who's there? - (knock) Knock-knock-knock, never be quiet. - What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. (chimes) I'll devil-porter it no further. - (knock) Awow. Awow! - (opens gate & looks in) you off L. proceed & heavy chain on. Porter follows Macduff & Lennox

1. Partes Bow L. - says. -

"I pray you - remember the parts,"  
Macd. Was in so late friend, ere you must  
to bed. That you do lie so late? -

Part. Faith sir, we were carousing till  
the second cock; -

Macd. Is thy master stirring. (Enter  
Macb L. upper) O'er knocking has awoken  
him; - here he comes. -

2. Macb. stands listening intently. -  
count 3 - turns quickly - confused -



*of gate.* Enter LENOX, down R.; MACDUFF, C. ~~All bow!~~  
as MACBETH enters.)

MACD. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

SEY. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

MACD. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

~~Enter~~ MACBETH. *comes down to L.C.*

*P.C.* LEN. Good morrow, noble sir! *salute.*

*salute* MACB. Good morrow, both!

*Partes*  
Exit SEYTON, C. *gate.*

*C.* MACD. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

*L.C.* MACB. Not yet.

MACD. He did command me to call timely on him.  
I have almost slipped the hour.

MACB. I'll bring you to him. *+ to R.*

MACD. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet 'tis one.

MACB. The labour we delight in, physics pain. *Points to R.*  
This is the door.

~~(Throwing open the door leading to the King's bedchamber,~~  
~~R. & E.)~~

MACD. I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.

*Exit, R. & E. Macb. + to C.*

*P.C.* LEN. Goes the King hence to-day?

MACB. He does—he did appoint so. *+ to R. of Sec.*

*the* LEN. The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death  
And prophesying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confused events,  
New-hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird  
Clamoured the livelong night; some say, the earth  
Was feverish, and did shake. *2.*

MACB. 'Twas a rough night.

LEN. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.



~~Reënter~~ MACDUFF, *s. 17. - R. Ch. Ch.*

*M. R.* MACD. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

*R. Ch. Ch.* MACB. } What's the matter?  
LEN. }

MACD. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

MACB. What is't you say? the life?

LEN. Mean you his majesty?

MACD. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—

Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX, R. 1 E.

*Awake! awake! — cross to L. strike shield L.*  
*in room with sword*  
*(During this speech MACDUFF beats the various doors. SERV-*  
*ANTS and OFFICERS appear in the gallery above, SERV-*  
*ANTS with torches, OFFICERS with swords. BANQUO and*  
*ROSSE rush down, L. C. MACDUFF falls on BANQUO'S*  
*shoulder. C. gate opens; soldiers with spears enter led*  
*by SEYTON. Fill up stage, c.)*

Ring the alarum bell!—Murder! and treason! *shorts.*  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! *D.*  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites  
To countenance this horror!— *3.*

BELL rings out. 4

*when torch bearers come* LIGHTS up.

Enter BANQUO and ROSSE down the stairs, L. 1 E.

Oh, Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master's murdered! *5.*

ALL. Murdered!

*(All amazed and horror-stricken, gaze intently on each speaker.)*

Reënter MACBETH and LENOX, R. 1 E.

*Macb. to R. C. — Lenox to R.*

1. Rushes on arm over eyes. Stays on  
to bench. R. - Macb. & Lee - go to  
him. - Macb. + to L.C. when Macb.  
crys first - Lee + to R. -

2 strikes shield on Colucci R. with sword

3 Ladies - gentlemen rush on from  
R. upper - group at top of stairs -  
and on stairs R. - and down L. -  
torch bearers come on with torches.  
"Line in from Macb." "Ring the Bell."

4 Lady Macb. rushes on platform. -  
in night gown & cloak - hair down. - runs  
down steps to L.C. - speaks as she comes.  
first line on top of plat forme -

"What's the business?" -

That such a hideous trespass calls  
to Purley. - the sleepers of the house?  
Speak! - Speak! -

5 Lady Macb. gives loud shriek.  
starts screaming - L.C. -

L. Lady Macb. - gives more - and speaks. -

"Help me hence - ho! -

Macb. Look to the lady. (she faints  
is caught by ladies - Courtiers pick  
her up - carry her up steps L. and  
off L. upper. -)

Mal. R.C. to Dow. on his R. "Why do we  
hold our tongues, that must may  
claim this arguement for ours?  
Dow. Let's away. Our tears are not  
yet brewed. -

Mal. Ill to Englewood. -

Don To Irelewood. I:

Mal This murderers shaft that's shot  
hath not gillighted, and our safest  
way. Is to avoid the aim, therefore  
to horse. - (Mal & Don Exeunt R. 1)

*Sibon Church P.C.*

MACBETH

31

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys; renown and grace are dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, from door, R. to P.C.

MAL. (R.). What is amiss? *Rece.*

MACB. You are, and do not know it?  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACD. Your royal father's murdered!

MAL. Oh, by whom?

~~Exeunt MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, R. & E. BANQUO gazes  
after the princes and exit behind to R. C.~~

READY change.

LEN. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't;  
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,  
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found  
Upon their pillows; they stared, and were distracted;  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACB. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*R.C.* MACD. (*starting*). Wherefore did you so?

~~READY thunder and lightning.~~

MACB. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,

READY lights.

Loyal, and neutral in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outran the pauser, reason.—Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature,  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers,  
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breached with gore: Who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make his love known? *h*



L. BAN. Fears and scruples shake us;  
In the great hand of Heaven I stand; and, thence,  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

Re. MACB. And so do I. *Drawn drawn -*  
ALL. So all.

C. MACD. Let's briefly put on manly readiness  
And meet i' the hall together.

MACB. And question this most bloody piece of work  
To know it further.

ALL. Well contented. *Drawn drawn*

~~Exit MACBETH, L. D.; others to their rooms; others off C.~~  
~~gate, shouting and waving swords.~~

*Lights out.*

CHANGE set.

*Ceerteen*

~~Scene II. A Wood on the skirts of a Heath.~~

LIGHTS half down.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING at  
change of scene.

Enter the three WITCHES and a chorus of WITCHES, L.

1ST WITCH. Speak, sister, speak—is the deed done?

2D WITCH. Long ago, long ago:  
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3D WITCH. Ill deeds are seldom slow,  
Nor single; following on former wait;  
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

CHOR. Many more murders must this one ensue,  
Dread horrors still abound,  
And every place surround,  
As if in death were found  
Propagation too.

1ST WITCH. He must—

2D WITCH. He shall—

3D WITCH. He will spill much more blood,  
And become worse, to make his title good.

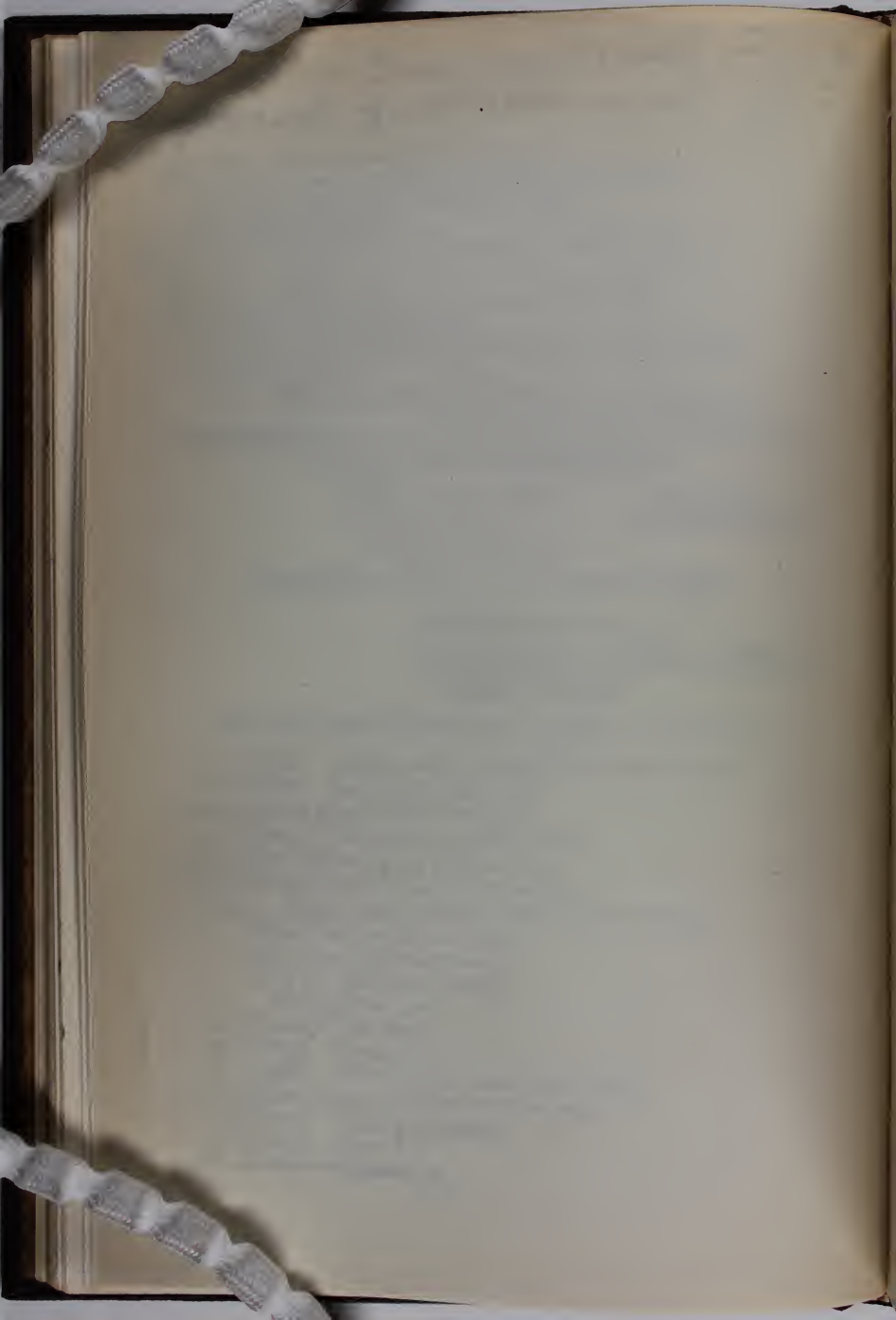
1ST WITCH. Now let's dance.

2D WITCH. Agreed.

3D WITCH. Agreed.



1. After meal. + Dr. Express and Lady M.  
is off - Beer. + to C. with dragoon onward.



~~CHOR. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.~~

1ST WITCH. When cattle die, about we go;  
When lightning and dread thunder  
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,  
And fill the world with wonder,

WARN curtain.

What should we do?

CHOR. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

2D WITCH. When winds and waves are warring,  
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,  
And monarchs die despairing,  
What should we do?

CHOR. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

3D WITCH. Let's have a dance upon the heath,  
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

1ST WITCH. Sometimes like brinded cats we show,  
Having no music but our mew,  
To which we dance in some old mill,  
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,  
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,—

CHOR. Where still the mill clack does keep time.

2D WITCH. Sometimes about a hollow tree,  
Around, around, around dance we;  
Thither the chirping cricket comes,  
And beetles singing drowsy hums;  
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,  
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;  
And when with none of these we meet—

~~CHOR. We dance to the echoes of our feet.~~

SYMPHONY.

THUNDER heavy.

(*All kneel.*)

3D WITCH. At the night raven's dismal voice,  
When others tremble we rejoice.

(*All rise.*)

~~CHOR. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,~~

THUNDER.

~~To the echoes from a hollow hill.~~

~~RING curtain down on picture.~~

~~CURTAIN~~

Same as Sc. 5.  
Act 1.

ACT III

Scene I.—The Palace at Forres.

WARN drum and trumpet.

READY flourish.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, R. from P. 1.

BAN. Thou hast it now : King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, + R.C.  
As the weird women promised ; and I fear,  
Thou playedst most foully for't ; yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity ; see R.C.  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings ; if there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,) see R.C.  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope ? see R.C.

FLOURISH of trumpets and drums, R.

Rise But hush ; no more. + R. - see R.C.

Enter ~~out~~ Lords bowing ; they stand L. MACBETH, LADY  
MACBETH, with two pages holding her train ; see Ladies  
follow and stand R. ROSSE, SEYTON, LENOX, LORDS, 2  
etc., fill up stage back and converse in groups. LADY  
MACBETH converses with her Ladies, R. as MACBETH is  
in front with BANQUO. see Seyton.

STOP flourish.

C, LADY M. (to BANQUO). Here's our chief guest : 1.  
If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things unbecoming.

1. Florence comes on with one of the  
ladies - stands R.C. -  
Norton stands up L.C. near entrance



1. Florence goes to Bangor. -
- 2 puts hand on Florence's head,  
Bang, drags Florence away  
to R. -

L.C. MACB. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

BAN. Let your highness  
Command upon me; to the which, my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
Forever knit. *Mac starts up. Terres.*

MACB. Ride you this afternoon?

BAN. Ay, my good lord.

MACB. We should have else desired your good advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow;  
Is't far you ride?

BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better  
I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour or twain.

MACB. Fail not our feast.

BAN. My lord, I will not. *(Crosses to L.C.)*

**READY Flourish.**

L. MACB. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;  
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you? *2.-*

BAN. Ay, my good lord; *(pauses, as expecting further orders, thus reminding the King of his presence)* our  
time does call upon us.

MACB. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.—

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE, R.L.

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night: to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, Heaven be with you!

**FLOURISH.**

Exeunt LADY MACBETH and ladies and pages, R.C., Lords,  
*etc., C. door, which SEYTON closes and is going L. when*  
*King stops him.*

*Seyton starts out L.C. Macb.*  
*stops him.—*

Sirrah, a word / Attend those men our pleasure ?

SEY. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACB. Bring them before us.—

Exit SEYTON, R.

To be thus, is nothing :—

But to be safely thus :—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep :— Sit L.C.

He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,  
They hailed him father to a line of kings :

~~Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,~~

~~And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,~~

~~Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,~~

~~No son of mine succeeding.~~ If it be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;

For them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man

To make them kings—The seed of Banquo kings !—

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance ! Murderers Who's there ?

Enter SEYTON, with two OFFICERS, who stand R, down stage.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

(SEYTON bows, crosses behind to R. and exit. R.)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

Murder IST OFF. It was, so please your highness. Reeds C. 3.

MACB. Well, then, now,

Have you considered of my speeches ?

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go ? Are you so gosselled

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,

And beggared yours forever ?

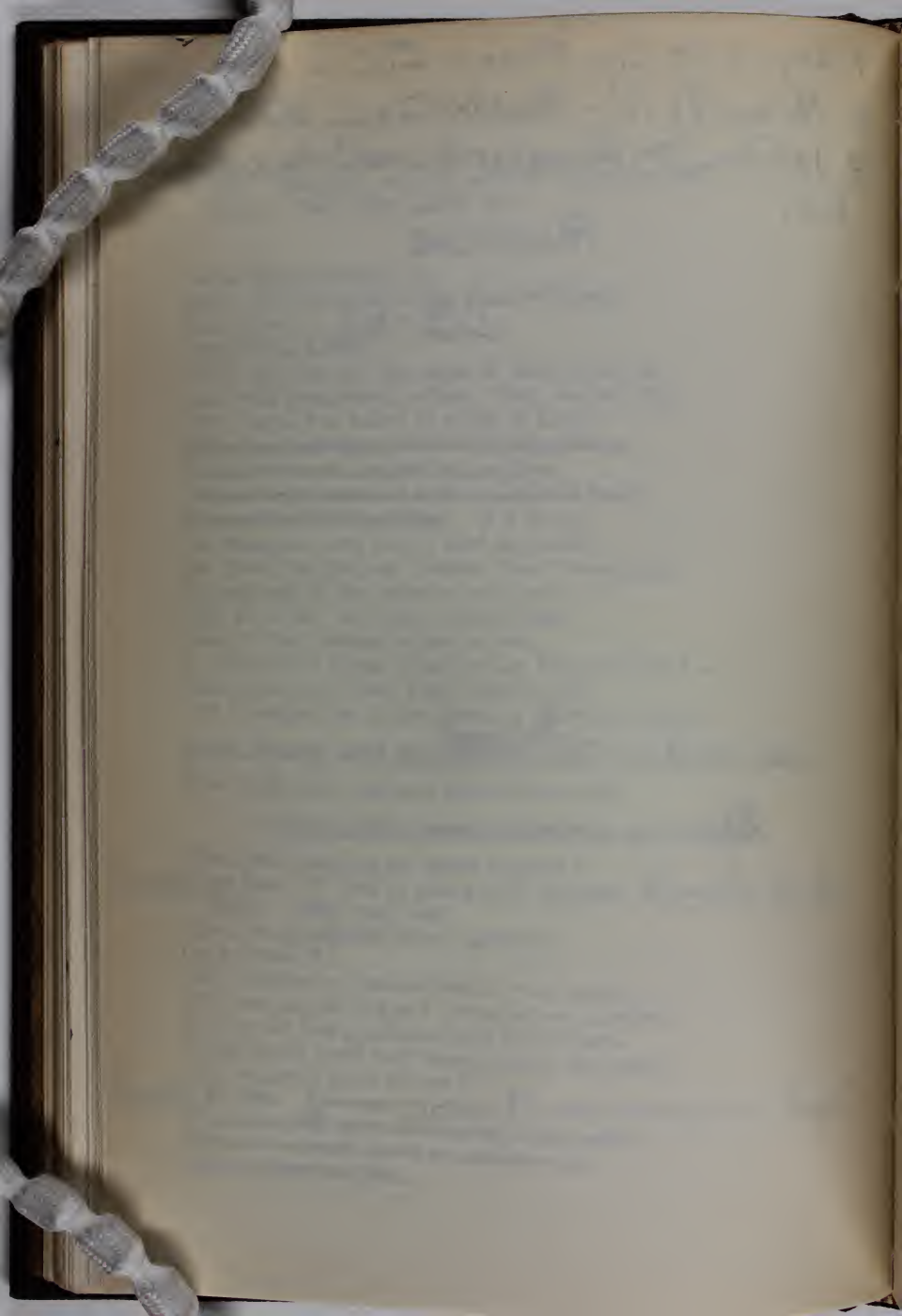
Murder 2D OFF. I am one, my liege, We are one, my Liege."

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incensed, that I am reckless what

I do to spite the world.

1. Reg. + to C. - Mac - L.C. -
2. Noice off R. - Macb. turn, steered.
3. 1st Mord. Lueels C. - 2nd Mord. Lueels  
R.C.





~~1ST OFF. And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.~~

MACB. Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Boile* ~~1ST OFF.~~ True, my lord.

MACB. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2D OFF. We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us —

1ST OFF. Though our lives —

MACB. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour,  
at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time —  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought,  
That I require a clearness: And with him,  
To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,  
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me,  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;

(They turn to each other consulting.)

I'll come to you anon.

*Rise* 1ST OFF. We are resolved, my lord.

MACB. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

*Murderers*  
Exeunt ~~OFFICERS, I. I. E.~~ *R. I.*

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

*21*  
Exit, I. I. E.

~~(Sometimes a change of scene here to Gothic in 1st grooves.)~~

Enter LADY MACBETH, as Queen, and SEYTON, R. I. E. C.

*to C* LADY M. Is Banquo gone from court?  
*RC* SEY. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.  
 LADY M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure  
 For a few words.  
 SEY. Madam, I will.

Exit, L. 1.

*to RC* LADY M. Naught's had, all's spent,  
 Where our desire is got without content:  
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
 Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH, L. 1 E.

*to C* How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,  
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,—  
 Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died  
 With them they think on? Things without remedy  
 Should be without regard: what's done, is done. *1*

MACB. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;  
 She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice  
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
 But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
 That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,  
 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie,  
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,  
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
 Can touch him further! *(Retires, L.)* *RC*

LADY M. Come on; gentle my lord,  
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial  
 Among your guests to-night. *Read over line*

READY change.

*2* MACB. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
 Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

LADY M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACB. There's comfort yet: they are assailable. *4*

Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown  
 His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,

1. Macb. walks slowly to R. turn  
Lady Macb. speech - at end of speech  
he is in front of stool R.C. 2  
Lady Macb. L. of him. —

2 Speech in

Macb., "So shall I, Love; and so, I pray,  
be you: Let your reverence  
apply to Banquo: Present him  
mine. Both with eye and tongue.  
Unsafe the while, that we must  
lose our honours in these fluttering  
streamers, and make our faces  
vizards to our hearts, disguising  
what they are. —

Lady Macb. kneeling L. of Macb.

"You must leave this. —

3 Macb. turns puts arm about  
Lady Macb.

4 Drives away - smiling - evilly.

1. Term about Lady M.



The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note. ~~see.~~

LADY M. What's to be done?

~~1.~~ MACB. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling<sup>1</sup> night, ~~to C.~~  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.

*Do frietue go with me.*  
Exeunt, &c.

CHANGE set.

LIGHTS down. *out*

~~Scene II. A Park, near the Palace, at Forres.~~

~~Enter the two OFFICERS, L. I. E.~~

~~LIGHTS two-thirds down.~~

~~1ST OFF. The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace.~~

~~SEE banquet set.~~

~~To gain the timely inn, and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.~~

~~2D OFF. Hark! I hear horses.~~

~~BAN. (within). Give us a light, there, ho!~~

~~1ST OFF. Then it is he; the rest~~

~~That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i' the court.~~

~~2D OFF. His horses go about.~~

~~READY flourish.~~

<sup>1</sup> Seeler (French) to seal, to close the eyes.



~~1ST OFF.~~ Almost a mile; but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,

**READY** change.

Make it their walk.

~~2D OFF.~~ A light, a light!

~~1ST OFF.~~ 'Tis he.

Enter FLEANCE, *with a torch*, and BANQUO, R. I E.

BAN. It will be rain to-night

Exeunt FLEANCE and BANQUO, L. I E.

~~1ST OFF.~~ Let it come down.

Exeunt, L. I E.

(*Clash of swords, L.*)

BAN. (*within*). Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,  
fly, fly! —

FLE. (*within, L.*). Murder! murder! murder!

BAN. (*within, L.*). Thou may'st revenge.—Oh, slave! Oh,  
Oh, Oh! (*Dies.*)

Reënter OFFICERS.

~~1ST OFF.~~ Who did strike out the light?

~~2D OFF.~~ Was't not the way?

~~1ST OFF.~~ There's but one down; the son is fled.

~~2D OFF.~~ We have lost the best half of our affair.

~~1ST OFF.~~ Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt, L.

**CHANGE** set.

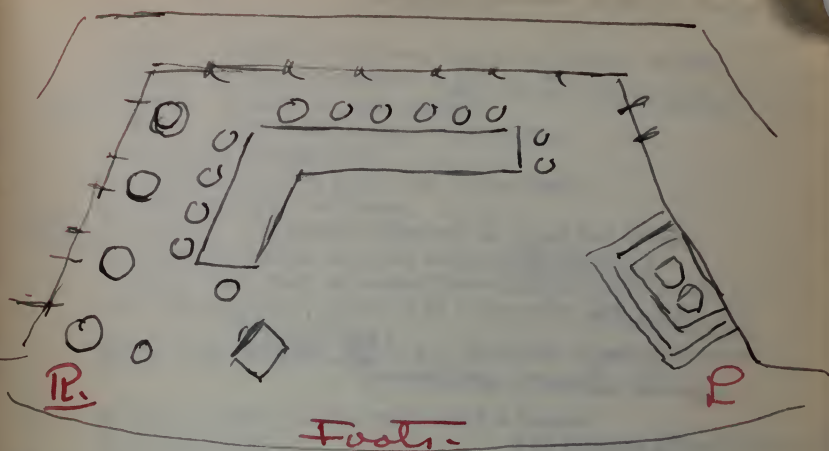
1. <sup>2.</sup> Scene ~~III.~~ — *The Banqueting Room in the Palace, at Forres.*  
*Music.—A Banquet prepared.*

**LIGHTS** up.

**FLOURISH.**

2 (MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, SEYTON, ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, etc., discovered all standing. — *Bards with harps in gallery at back.*)

# 1. Plot of Scene



2 Macb. & Lady M. ~~Enter~~ on throne P. -  
Mac. - L. - Lady. R. - as lights go up. -  
other characters are standing in  
places at table - Ross & Lennox at R.  
guests at all places. - Seyton is leading  
guests. - at rise he steers up L.C. -

1. Fudge Mack. sits.
2. All rice and barv.-

MACB. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,  
And last, the hearty welcome. *all sit murmure 1.*

*all* ROSS. Thanks to your majesty.

MACB. Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host:  
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time,  
We will require her welcome.

*Rise* LADY M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,  
For my heart speaks, they are welcome. *2 (All bow.)*

MACB. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:—  
Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst. *Starts R.*

*Murderers*  
*Enter* 1ST OFFICER, *R.* I E. MACBETH *leaves the throne*  
*to meet him. meets him.*

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—

There's blood upon thy face. *down C.* *(To OFFICER. Murderers.)*

~~SEND down drum and trumpet.~~

*Smiling* 1ST OFF. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

MACB. Is he dispatched?

1ST OFF. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACB. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:—Yet he's  
good,

That did the like for Fleance.

1ST OFF. Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACB. Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect:  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;  
As broad, and general, as the casing air;  
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

1ST OFF. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

MACB. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow  
We'll hear ourselves again. *Murderers goes.*

*act. 2. 1.*

*(All look at King.)*

~~Exit OFFICER, I E.~~



*Rise* LADY M. My royal lord,  
 You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,  
 That is not often vouched; while 'tis a making,  
 'Tis given with welcome: ~~to feed, were best at home:~~  
~~From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;~~  
~~Meeting were bare without it.~~

1, MACB. Sweet remembrancer!  
 Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
 And health on both.

\* R. LEN. May it please your highness, sit *2, Servants + from*  
*R. to P. begins good wine.*  
 (*Each character rises on addressing King.*)

MACB. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,

~~(Crossing, I)~~

Were the graced person of our Banquo present,  
 Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,  
 Than pity for mischance! — *+ down to C. -*

ROSSE. His absence, sir,  
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness  
 To grace us with your royal company?

MACB. The table's full. *C. -*

3, LEN. Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACB. Where? *Slaves all stand.*

4, LEN. Here, my good lord. (*The blood-stained ghost of*  
 BANQUO ~~enters~~ *1, 2, E., and occupies the vacant chair.*)  
 What is't that moves your highness? *5,*

6, MACB. (*seeing Banquo*). Which of you have done this?

LEN. What, my good lord?

MACB. Thou canst not say I did it; (*BANQUO shakes his*  
*head*) never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

ROSSE. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well. *all rise*

*(All rise but do not leave their places. All sit at the Queen's request. SEYTON leads the servants from L. U. E., in front of table pouring out wine so that the guests do not see MACBETH. The Queen keeps the Lords and Ladies engaged.)*

7, LADY M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus, *+ to C.*  
 And hath been from his youth; 'pray you, keep seat; *P. - 8 P.*  
 The fit is momentary; upon a thought, *C.*



1. + up to throne.
2. Bang comes on R. quietly sits R. at end of table. behind severed as they + to L.
- 3 Points to table seat occupied by Bang.
- 4 Points again -
- 5 Mace. gives cry of terror staggers back. as Bang w- slowly turns facing him points to gashed throat. and bows his head up and down. -
- 6 Points to Bang no.
- 7 Lady M. comes down to R. -

1. Cell start to eat. Deyton fills cups.  
Cells on servants - guests all  
accepted. —

He will again be well: If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.

Feed, and regard him not. *(Leaves the throne and goes to*  
MACBETH.) Are you a man? *R. D. Macb.*

MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

LADY M. Oh, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

MACB. Pr'ythee, see there! *(Pointing to BANQUO)* behold!  
look! lo!—How say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak, too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, *(Ghost of BANQUO going*  
*R. E.)* must send

Those that we bury, back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. *March to throne steps*

Exit Ghost, R

LADY M. What! quite unmanned in folly! *Macb rises.*

MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY M. Fie, for shame! *(Returns to the throne.)*

MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time  
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed  
Too terrible for the ear; the times have been,  
That when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools! This is more strange  
Than such a murder is. *(Crosses, R)*

*Up to throne*  
LADY M. My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. I do forget:—*turn to table.*

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all; *up to throne*

Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full. *Reston*

*pour wine gives it to Macb.*

(SEYTON *pours out wine and presents it to MACBETH.*)

~~GOBLET square and loaded,  
not to roll~~

1. I drink to the general joy of the whole table, *holds up goblet.*  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

*All* Our duty *ceases the pledge - all attending.*  
(BANQUO'S Ghost reappears, R. I E.)

2. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with! *shrieks back*

LADY M. Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACB. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword! *draw sword*

If, trembling, I inhibit thee, protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence! — (Exit Ghost, R. I E., MACBETH fol-

4. *lowing to the door.*) Why so; being gone,

I am a man again.

~~READY thunder and lightning.~~

*P.C.* LADY M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good  
meeting,

With most admired disorder. *L. J. Macb.*

*Rice* MACB. Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanched with fear. *+ to L.C.*

*+ to R.* ROSSE. What sights, my lord?

*R.C.* LADY M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and  
worse;

1. Steeds R. on throne. I. -
2. Mach. gives shriek of terror. drops  
golden. - Lady M. - spinning up. -
3. Leaves throne - sword raised -
4. As Mach. approaches slacking  
air with sword. Bueg. moves off. R. -  
Mach. strikes stool furiously, & with  
sword. - falls on knees by stool  
striking it with clenched fist -  
bursts into loud hysterical laugh -  
Great confusion among guests -  
Lady M. rushes to Mach. -



1. Mach. sits on steps of throne - speaks in low hoarse voice. —
2. Rise - + C. - Lady Mach. + to throne.
3. Sits on steps of throne - meekly takes crown places it on top of throne - looks back - eyes closed.
4. Lady Mach. rises + slowly to Mach. puts arm about his shoulder. —
5. Look up to her - puts arm about her she kneels by his side. —
6. Lady Mach. - falls full length to floor - sobbing - Mach. sits staring out. —

Leghis Veil.

Curtain.

Question enrages him; at once, good night:—

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once. *Carries them out.*

*(All rise and pause till LADY MACBETH speaks next line.)*

A kind good night to all!

*R. & S.*  
Exeunt all but King and Queen.

READY change.

1. MACB. It will have blood: they say, blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;  
Augurs, and understood relations, have  
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. 2. What is the night?

LADY M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which. 3.

*Th. R.C.* MACB. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

LADY M. Did you send to him, sir?

MACB. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. *sub R.C.* I will to-morrow,

(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst: For mine own good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood

Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er. 4.

LADY M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

5. MACB. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. 6. *strikes his head.*

Exeunt R

CHANGE set.

LIGHTS down two thirds.

Scene IV. The Open Country.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Enter the three WITCHES, L. I E., meeting HECATE, R. I E.

1. WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

~~HEC. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are—  
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles, and affairs of death;  
While I, the mistress of your charms,~~

READY change; no whistle.

The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never called to bear my part  
Or show the glory of our art?  
But make amends now: Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning; thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.—  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms, and everything beside:  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal, fatal end.

(SPIRITS *without*, R.)

1ST SPIR. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! Oh, come away!

HEC. Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

2D SPIR. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! Oh, come away!

HEC. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.—  
Where's Stadlin?

RING curtain.

3D SPIR. Here;—

HEC. Where's Puckle?

4TH SPIR. Here;—

5TH SPIR. And Hoppo, too, and Hellwaine, too;

~~6TH SPIR. We want but you, we want but you.~~

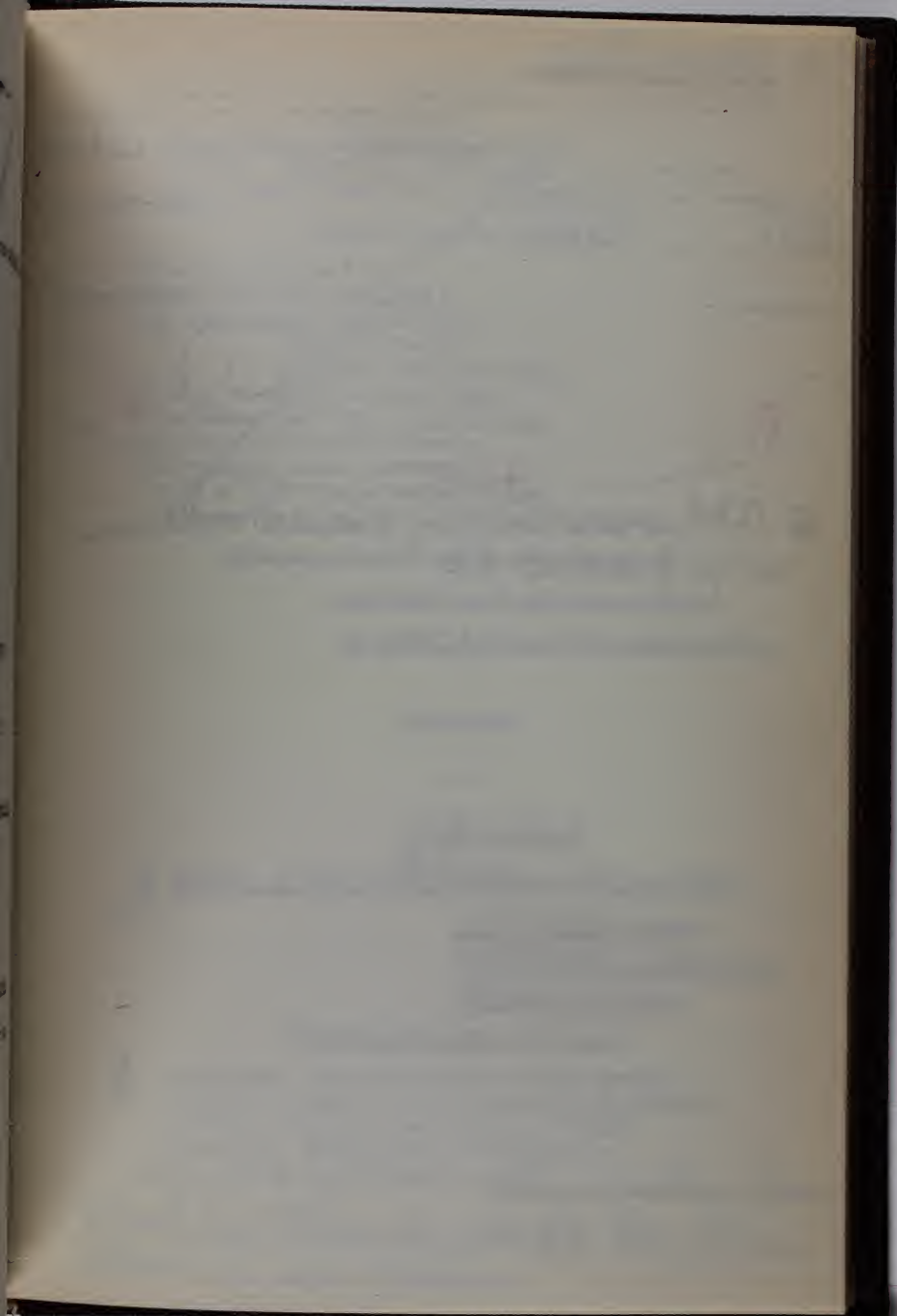
CHANGE without whistle.

(*Chorus of WITCHES discovered, R. and L., with whole stage as clouds. Car in centre with small child in it.*)

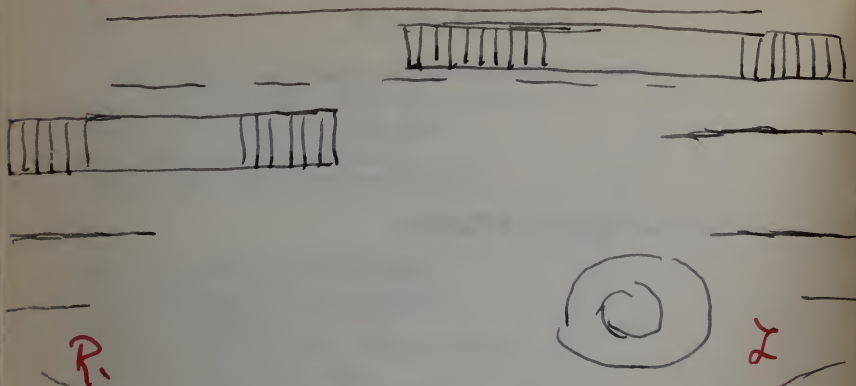
CHOR. Come away, make up the count.

HEC. With new fall'n dew,  
From church-yard yew,  
I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

~~1ST SPIR. Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.~~



1. Scene 1 Plot.



Foot.

2 Nitches are decreasing round corner  
at top of mound L.C.



~~HEC. Tell me, Spirit, tell what news?~~

~~2D SPIR. All goes fair for our delight.~~

~~HEC. Now I'm furnished for the flight.~~

~~(Places herself in her car.)~~

~~Now I go, and now I fly,~~

~~Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.~~

~~Oh, what a dainty pleasure's this,~~

~~To sail in the air,~~

~~While the moon shines fair,~~

~~To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss!~~

~~Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,~~

~~Over seas, our mistress' fountains,~~

~~Over steeples, towers, and turrets,~~

~~We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.~~

~~CHOR. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.~~

~~(HECATE and the SPIRITS ascend into the air.)~~

~~1st CURTAIN bell: take up car.~~

~~2d CURTAIN bell: drop falls steadily.~~

~~CURTAIN~~

# ACT IV Sc 1.

1. Scene.—A Cave.—~~In the Middle, a Cauldron boiling.~~

CAULDRON lighted.

THUNDER as curtain rises.

LIGHTS half down.

(The three WITCHES discovered.)

2. 1ST WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2D WITCH. Thrice: and once the hedge-pig whined.

3D WITCH. Harper cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1ST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.—~~takes something from~~  
~~punch and throws it into pot. Blue flames~~  
~~shoots up with steam.~~

~~Toad, that under the cold stone,  
Days and nights has thirty one;  
Sweltered venom, sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.~~

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble; dance around  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

all stop 2D WITCH. ~~Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,~~ throw in oil of flume of  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble; circle around cauld.  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. all stop.

~~BAND under stage after chorus.~~

back of cauld. 3D WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, pause bus. as  
of cauld. Witches' mummy; maw and gulf others.  
~~Of the ravined salt sea shark;  
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark:  
Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Silvered in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-delivered by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab;  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.~~

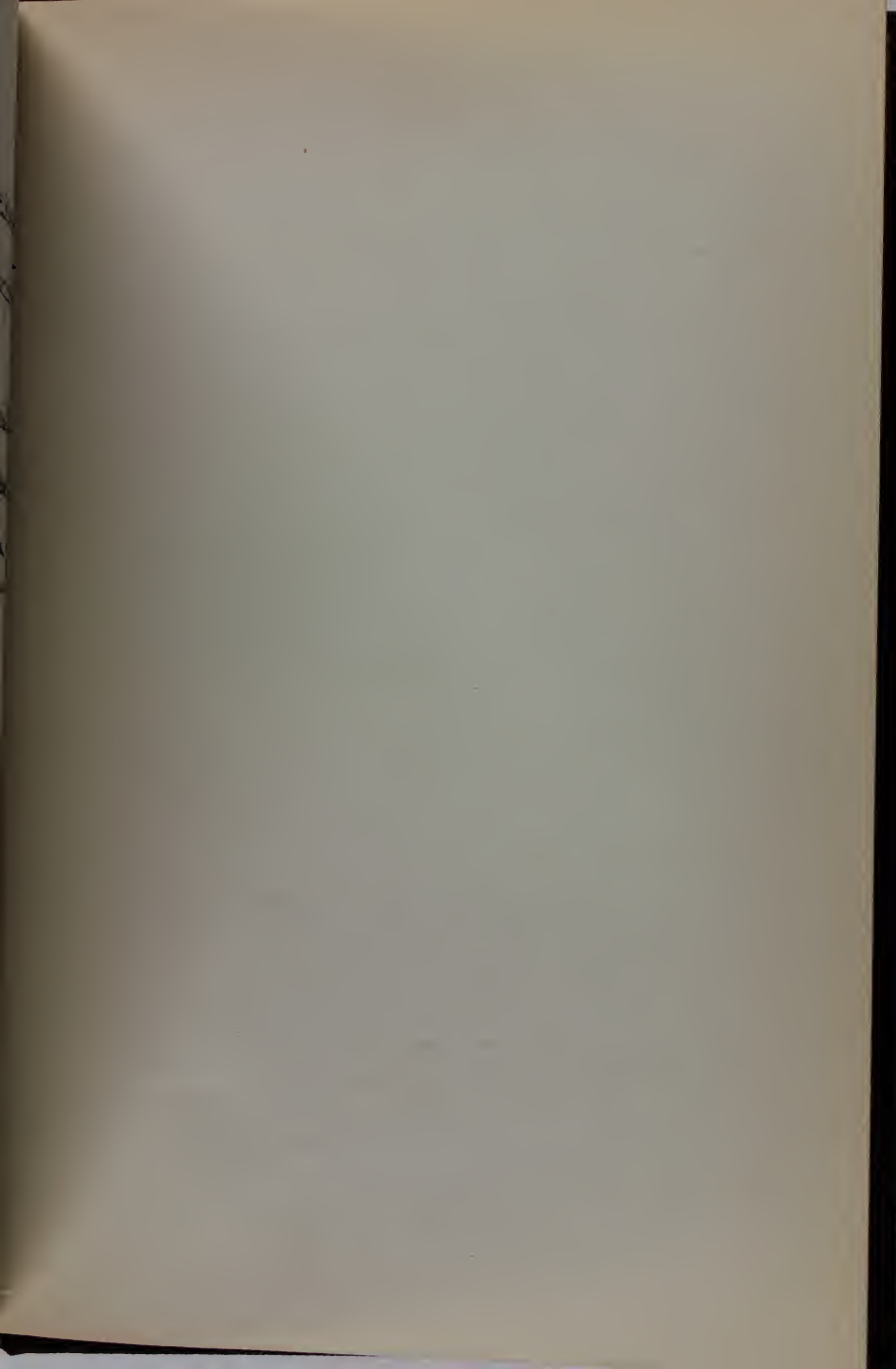
dance ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

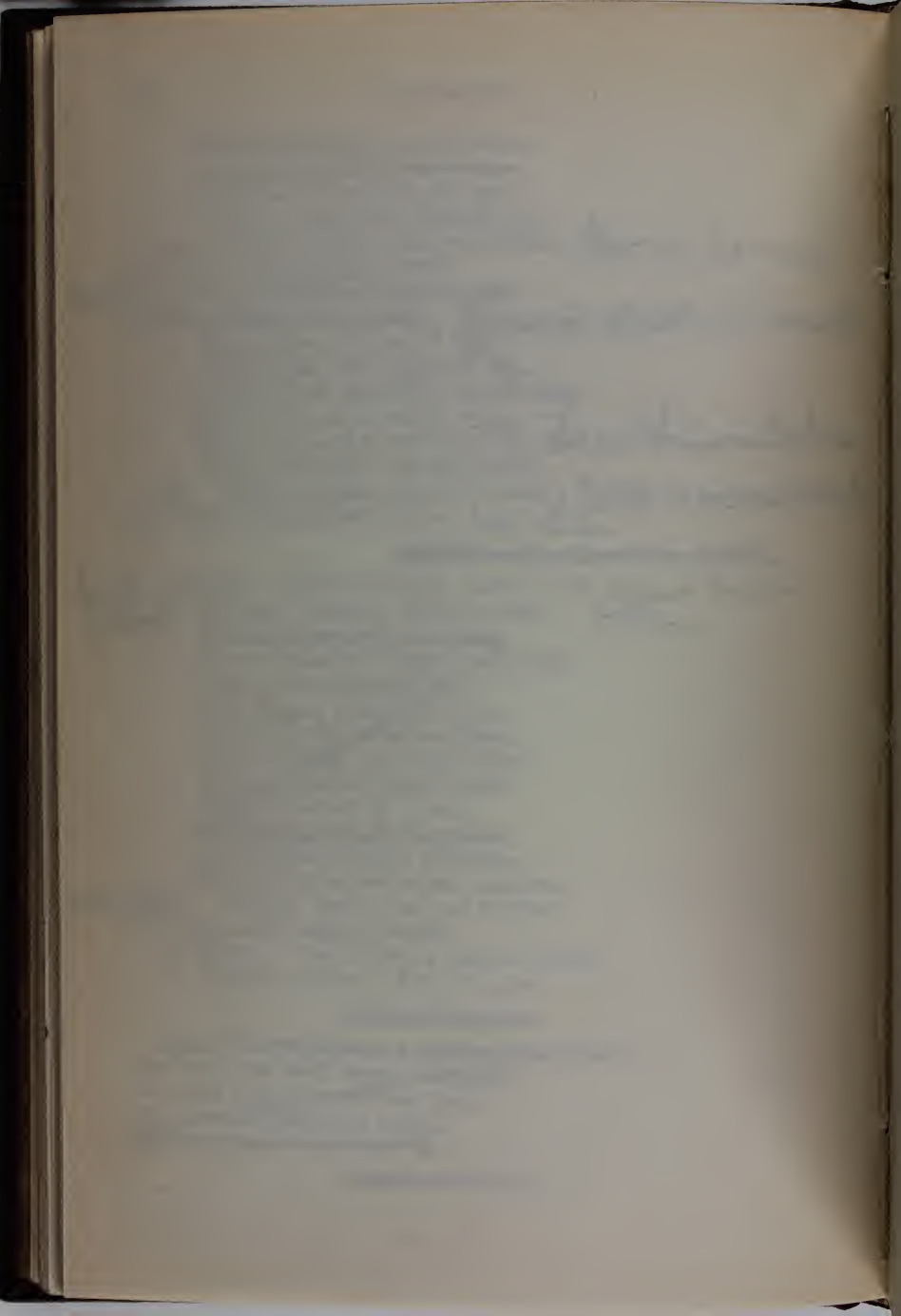
1ST WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

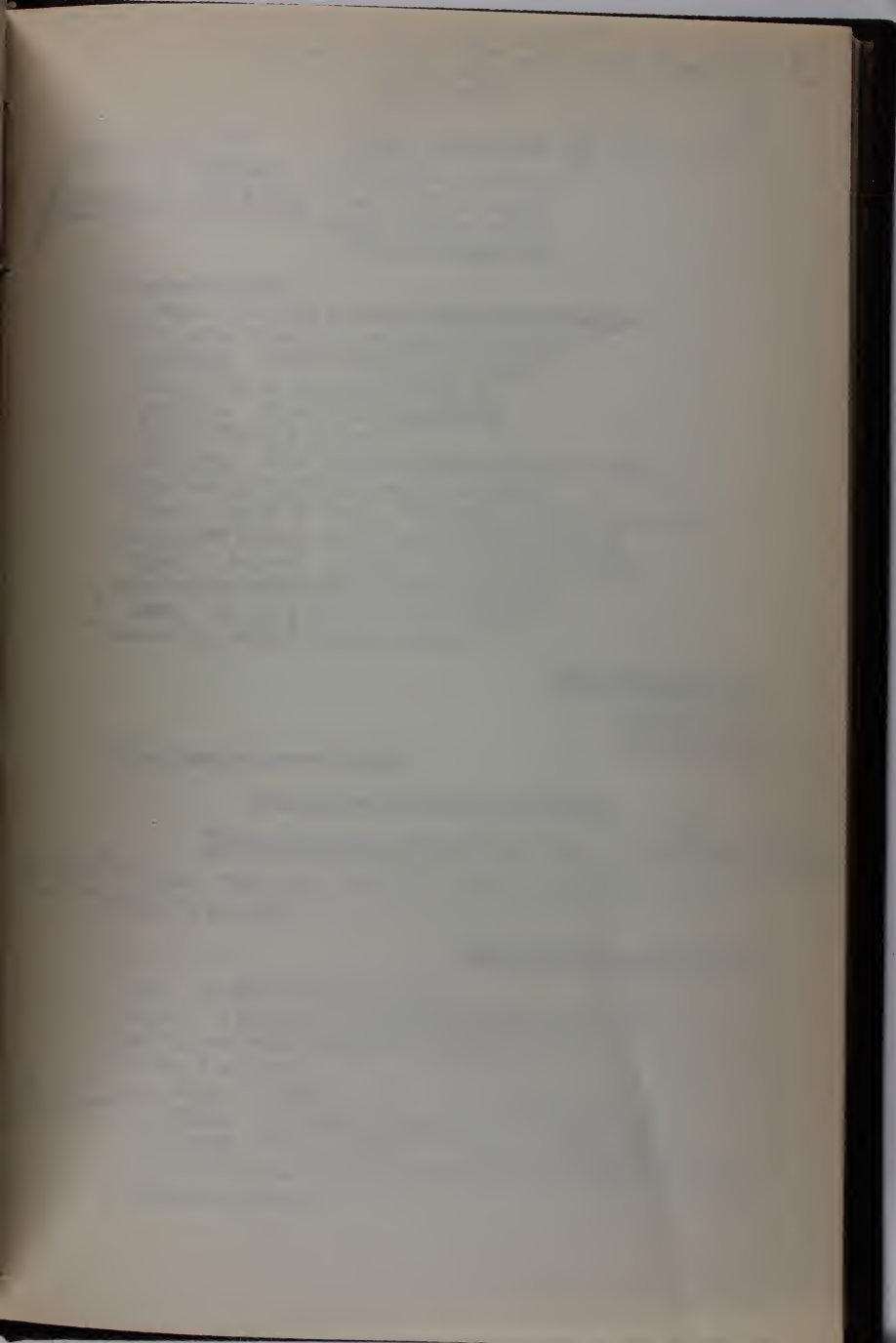
~~Enter HECATE, P.~~

~~HEC. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.~~

~~Enter all WITCHES.~~









1st First notch speaks line.

MUSIC AND SONG *off stage L.**Chorus of*  
*female voices*~~HECATE.~~Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle  
You that mingle may.~~You must bob in.~~~~CHOR. Around, around, around, about, about;  
All ill come running in, all good keep out!~~~~4TH SPIR. Here's the blood of a bat.~~~~HEC. Put in that, put in that.~~~~5TH SPIR. Here's Libbara's brain.~~~~HEC. Put in a grain.~~~~6TH SPIR. Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder;  
These will make the charm grow madder.~~~~HEC. Put in all these; 'twill raise a pois'nous stench;  
Hold—here's three ounces of a red-haired wench.~~~~CHOR. Around, around, around, about, about;  
All ill come running in, all good keep out!~~~~1. HEC. By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes:—~~~~KNOCK without.~~WARN trap.~~Open locks, whoever knocks.~~~~Exeunt all but the three WITCHES.~~Enter MACBETH, descending steps, L. U. E. *down steps**+ to C.* MACB. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags;  
What is't you do?~~BLUE fire ready, R. U. E.~~

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACB. I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me

To what I ask you.

*L. of Mac* 1ST WITCH. Speak.2D WITCH. Demand. *Each of each R.*

3D WITCH. We'll answer. " " " in R.

1ST WITCH. Say if thou'd'st rather hear it from our mouths,  
Or from our master's?

MACB. Call them, let me see them.

1ST WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow :—Grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high, or low ;  
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

THUNDER.

TRAP bell.

(FIRST APPARITION, an armed head, rises.) /,

MACB. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1ST WITCH. He knows thy thought ;  
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

APP. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff !

TRAP bell.

Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me—enough.

(Descends.)

MACB. What'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.  
Thou hast harped my fear aright : But one word more—

1ST WITCH. He will not be commanded : Here's another  
More potent than the first.

THUNDER.

TRAP bell.

(SECOND APPARITION, a bloody child, rises.)

APP. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

MACB. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

APP. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn

TRAP bell.

The power of man ; for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. (Descends.)

MACB. Then live, Macduff ; what need I fear of thee ?  
But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,  
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live :  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

TRAP bell.

And sleep in spite of thunder.

THUNDER.

1. a burst of smoke came from the place  
from the cellar - and the apparition  
rose from the cellar. —

This is an arranged that charac-  
ters were got into the cellar from  
L. and by standing on small steps,  
raise themselves to the proper  
height. — March. 1864 C. —  
at appearance of apparition.

1. Thunder. - Nitches leeeegh shielly.  
Groaces. - flames shoot up from  
Caeldrow. - seed it sinks down out  
of sight. - Macb says -

"Why sinks the Caeldrow? And  
what noise is this?"



(THIRD APPARITION, *a child crowned, with a bough in his hand rises.*)

What is this,  
That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

APP. Listen, but speak not to't.

ALL. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

~~TRAP left.~~

Shall come against him. (Descends.)

MACB. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!  
Yet my heart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

~~(WITCHES go on.)~~

MACB. I will be satisfied: deny me this,

~~TRAP left.~~

And an eternal curse fall on you!—

THUNDER.—Sink Cauldron.

Let me know,

WILD music under stage.

Why sinks that cauldron?

And what noise is this? / /

~~(A deep groan.)~~

~~LIGHT BLUE fire behind flats,  
and open cave slowly.~~

1ST WITCH. Show!

READY Apparitions, R. U. E.

2D WITCH. Show!

3D WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

(FIRST APPARITION appears. ~~All WITCHES pass round in front of stage to L. behind MACBETH. Then the apparitions of the rest of the eight Kings, the last with glass in his hand; and BANQUO passes across from R. U. E. to R. U. E.)~~

MACB. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down! <sup>1</sup>

(SECOND APPARITION)

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—and thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, (THIRD APPARITION) is like the  
first:—

A third is like the former:—Filthy hags, (FOURTH APPARITION) —

Why do ye show me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!— (FIFTH APPARITION)

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? (SIXTH APPARITION)

Another yet? (SEVENTH APPARITION) A seventh?—I'll see  
no more:— (EIGHTH APPARITION)

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
Which shows me many more.

THUNDER.

Enter BANQUO.—The WITCHES vanish, 2

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.—~~What! is this so?~~

2, THUNDER. ~~Close cave; put out fire.~~

Where are they? Gone? <sup>3</sup> Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!— 4  
Come in, without, there!

Enter SEYTON, through opening in R. U. E. down ~~sideline~~

R. & S. SEY. What's your grace's will?

MACB. Saw you the weird sisters?

SEY. No, my lord.

MACB. Came they not by you?

SEY. No, indeed, my lord.

MACB. Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damned all those that trust them!—I did hear  
The galloping of horses: Who was't came by?

READY change.

1. Each apparition + stage slowly  
L. to R. - a dim blue spot illu-  
minates - they appear to float in the  
air. -

2 Macbeth give blood which and  
feels C. - Misch. all beneath -  
Lights out - Transfiguration  
Scene - to moon lit glade -  
with rebel of witches - all  
deceitful and female chorus  
singing - lights out - charge  
back - to cave - Macbeth  
back on grassy moor.  
after a short pause - he  
raises up -

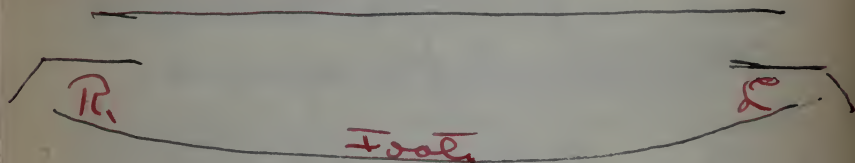
3 Spring up. -

4 Pauses of horses hoofs heard  
off R. - Macb. sees up to  
R. 3. Shouts off. -

1. Turn to Seaton - Line in  
Marb. "Come, bring us where they  
are -"  
Lead on Seaton's arm - they  
expect R. upper over incline.  
Ditches all come from Shadow  
L. upper - - to C. point of R. -  
laughing shrilly - Light, but.  
Curtain

---

2. Scene Plot. -





SEY. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

MACB. Fled to England?

SEY. Ay, my good lord. *Macbeth to L.C. down*

MACB. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.— 1.  
Where are these gentlemen?

~~Exeunt, L.~~

~~CHANGE set as Macbeth turns up stage.~~  
~~LIGHTS up.~~

Scene II.—The Country—in England. 2.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF. R. 1. — to C. —

*R.C.* MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*C.* MACD. Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; Each new morn  
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows  
Strike Heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out  
Like syllables of dolour.

~~MAL. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;  
He hath not touched you yet.~~

MACD. I am not treacherous.

MAL. But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
In an imperial charge.



MACD. I have lost my hopes.

MAL. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

MACD. Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee!  
Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp *turn L.*  
~~And the rich East to boot.~~

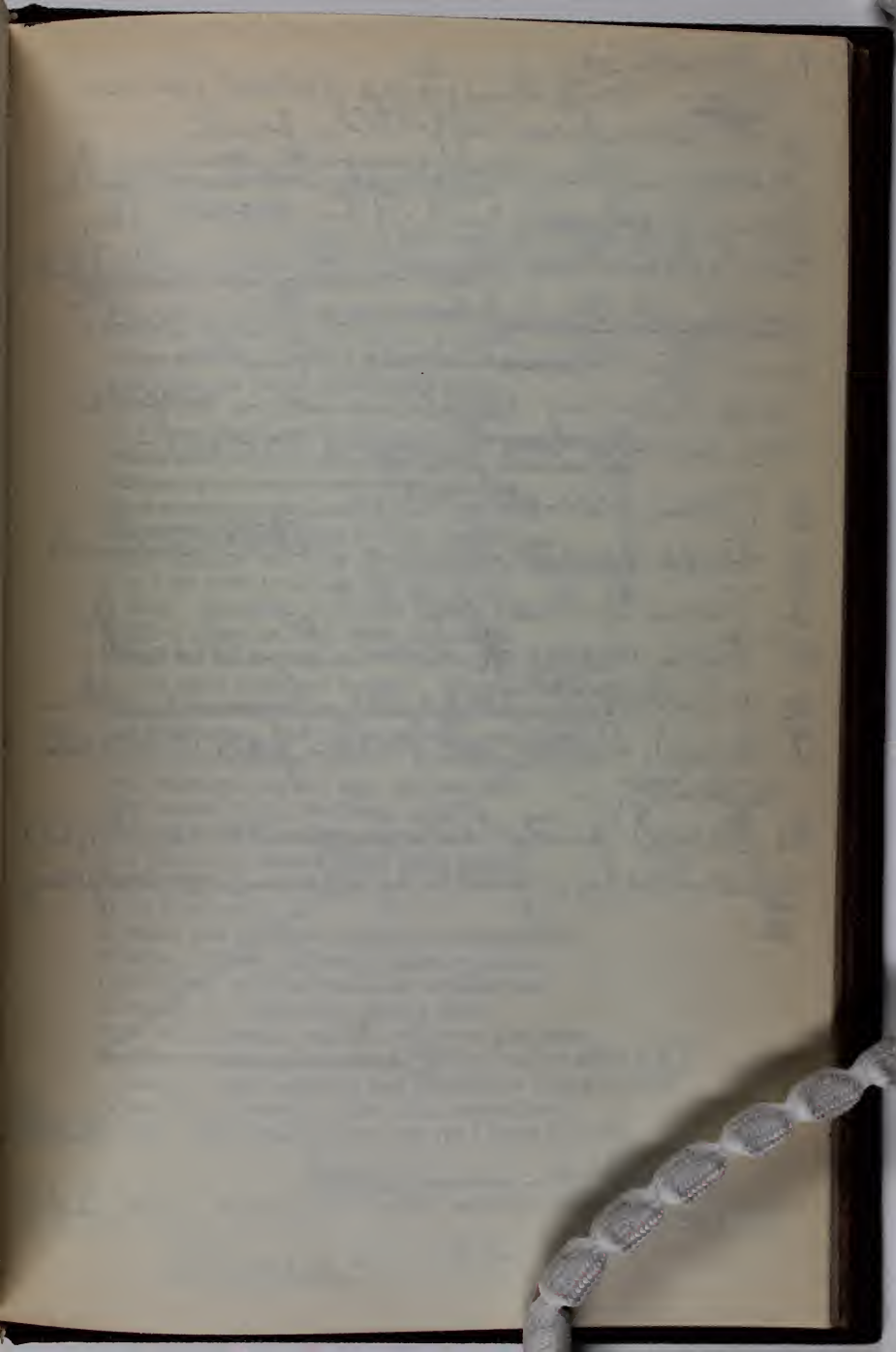
MAL. ~~Be not offended:~~  
~~I speak not as in absolute fear of you.~~  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke!  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds; I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right:  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: But for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed. *MacD turn quickly*

MACD. What should he be?

MAL. It is myself I mean: in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

MACD. Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

~~MAL. I grant him bloody,~~  
~~Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful;~~  
~~But there's no bottom, none,~~  
~~In my voluptuousness.~~  
~~Nay, had I power, I should~~



1. Speech in-  
Mal. "With this there grows in my  
most ill composed affection such  
a staunchless reverence that, were I  
King, I should cut off the nobles for  
their lands. - (Macd. turns away  
looks at Mal.) Desires his jewels  
and his other's house: And my  
non-having would be as a secret  
to make me hunger more." -

2 Turn fiercely -

3 Face front - arms outstretched.

4 Turn to Mal. -

5 Turn away & beats his breast.

6 + to Macd. eagerly - hands out. -

7. Macd. looks at Mal - for 3 counts.  
silently. -

8 Macd puts his hands on Mal.  
shoulders - facing him - and saying  
L,

1. Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
 Uproar the universal peace, confound  
 All unity on earth.

MACD. Oh, Scotland! Scotland! + step to L.

+ to C. MAL. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

2. MACD. Fit to govern!

But not to live! 3. Oh, nation miserable,  
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,  
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
 By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
 And does blaspheme his breed?—~~Thy royal father~~  
~~Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee~~  
~~Often upon her knees than on her feet,~~  
~~Died every day she lived.~~ 4. Fare thee well!

These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
 Have banished me from Scotland. 5. Oh, my breast!  
 Thy hope ends here! + to R. C.

6. MAL. Macduff, this noble passion,  
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
 Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
 To thy good truth and honour. ~~Devilish Macbeth,~~  
~~By many of these trains, hath sought to win me~~  
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
 From over-credulous haste: But Heaven above  
 Deal between thee and me! for even now  
 I put myself to thy direction, and  
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
 For strangers to my nature.

What I am truly,  
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
 All ready at a point, was setting forth:

Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness,  
 Be like our warranted quarrel! 7. Why are you silent? 8.

MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
 'Tis hard to reconcile.—See, who comes here?

turn L. MAL. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter ROSSE, L. I E. salute

+ to L. MACD. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither. stands on

Rosse's shoulder.



*R.C.* MAL. I know him now : Good Heaven, betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers !

*S.* ROSSE. Sir, Amen.

*C.* MACD. Stands Scotland where it did ?

ROSSE. Alas, poor country !  
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot  
Be called our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
Are made, not marked : ~~where violent sorrow seems~~  
~~A modern ecstasy~~ : the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce asked, for whom ; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

MACD. Oh, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true !

MAL. What is the newest grief ?

ROSSE. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;  
Each minute teems a new one.

MACD. How does my wife ?

*1.* ROSSE. Why, well.

MACD. And all my children ?

ROSSE. Well, too.

MACD. The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?

ROSSE. No ; they were all at peace when I did leave them.

*2.* MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

ROSSE. When I came hither to transport the tidings  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out ;

Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot ; *3.*

Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland *to Mal*

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses. Macd. - f to Mal

MAL. Be it their comfort,  
We are coming thither : gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;

An older, and a better soldier, none

That Christendom gives out.

ROSSE. Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ! But I have words

That would be howled out in the desert air

Where hearing should not latch them.



1. Rose speaks hesitatingly.
- 2 + to Rose. —
- 3 Mal & Macd. look at each other  
nod. —



1. Macd-gives cry - staggers back  
to C. - Mal - goes to him -  
supports him -

2. Macd looks at Ross -

3. Macd - looks slowly at Mal - then  
at Ross -

4 Clutch Ross shoulders. - Ross slowly  
nods. - Macd - starts back with  
groan - then starts up wildly  
screaming next line. - "Q Kill kite"

5 Macd. C. head buried in hands.

C. MACD. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast?

ROSSE. No mind, that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe: though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine, *+ to Ros*  
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it. *clutch Ros*

ROSSE. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

MACD. Humph! I guess at it. *steps back to L C*

ROSSE. Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes  
Savagely slaughtered; to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,

To add the death of you. — *Macd. & most colleagues*  
MAL. Merciful Heaven! —

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,

*Macd. head in hands.*

WARN curtain.

Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

2. MACD. My children too? *pleadingly*

ROSSE. Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence!

My wife killed, too? *fearfully pleading*

ROSSE. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted:

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

3. MACD. He has no children. — All my pretty ones? *+ to Ros.*

4. Did you say, all? — Oh, hell-kite! — All? *back to Ros.*

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam, *pause —*  
At one fell swoop? *Ros nods*

5. MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so; *shout ferociously.*

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. — Did Heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff! *strike breast*  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls!

*R.C.* MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*C* MACD. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue! — (*Knocks.*) But, gentle  
Heaven, *hands up stretched.*

Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; *loud & fierce*  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him, too! *bursts into sobs. —*

*Exeunt, R.*

*Cecilia*

RING curtain.

CURTAIN

*Auto.* ACT V

*1.* Scene I. LADY MACBETH'S Room in the Castle at Dun-  
sinane.

LIGHTS half down. *blue*

*Enter* GENTLEWOMAN and PHYSICIAN, *RC.*

*R.C.* PHY. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive  
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

CALL up band.

*RgDs* GENT. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen  
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock  
her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, after-  
wards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a  
most fast sleep.

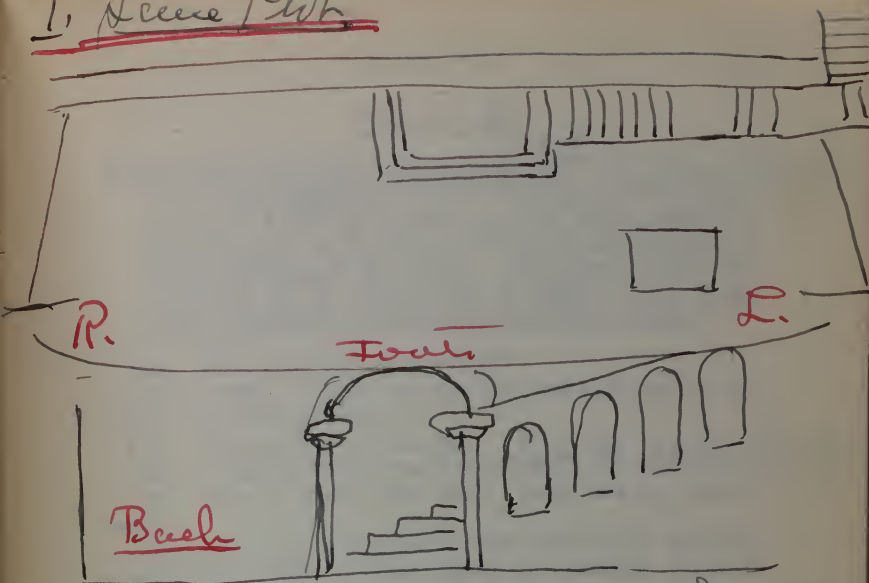
PHY. What at any time have you heard her say?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

PHY. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

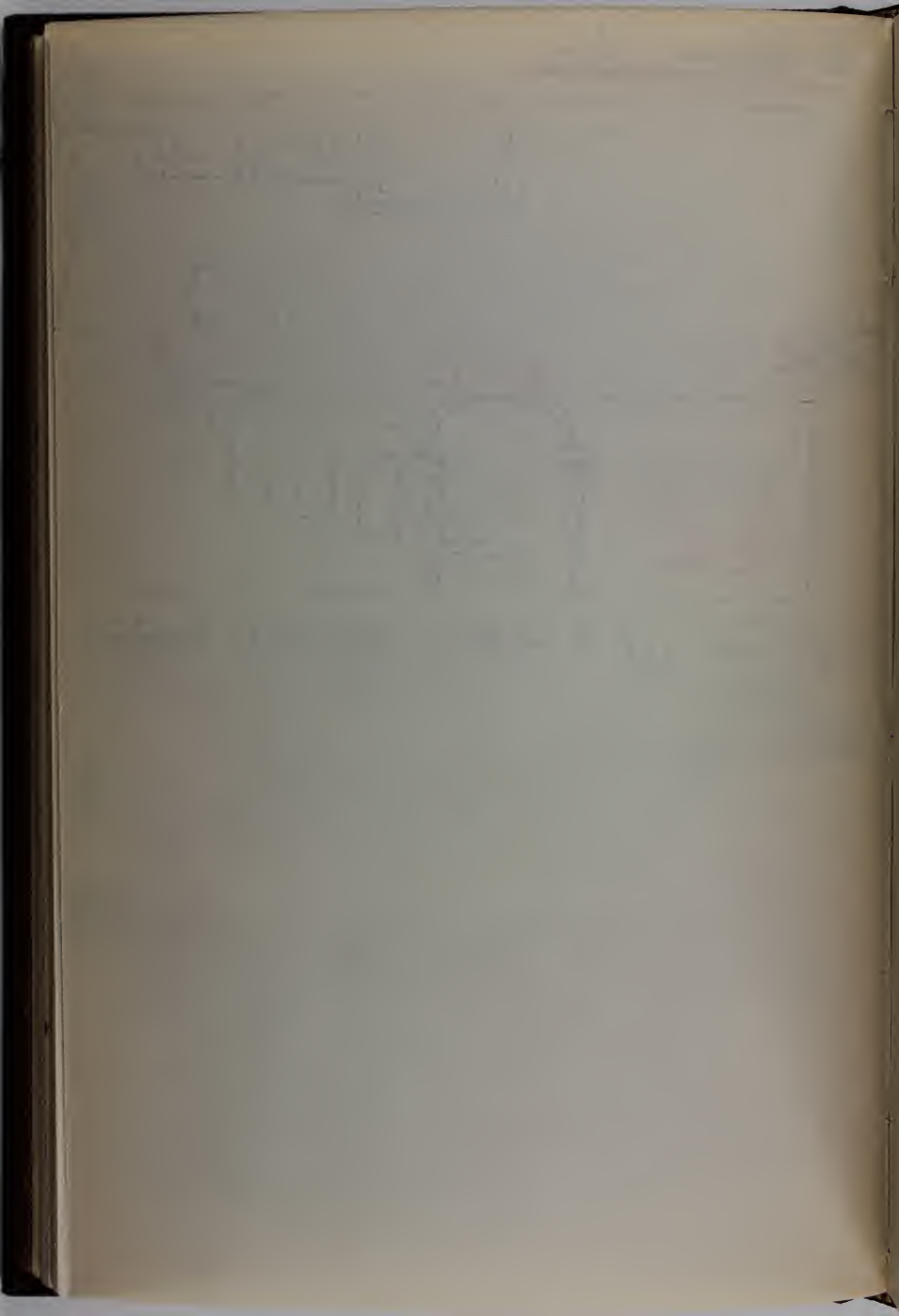
GENT. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to  
confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes! This is her  
very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand  
close. *+ to R. in shadow.*

1. Scene Plot



2 Look off L. upper - clutch Doctor's  
arm.





They retire, R

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper, L. She enters, down C.,  
~~glides close to going and meeting the table she lays the light~~  
~~upon it. Then comes down C., looks off R., shuddering~~  
~~and remembering the night of the murder, gradually passes~~  
~~to the washing of her hands. The GENTLEWOMAN and~~  
~~PHYSICIAN up R. They speak in whisper, which makes~~  
~~LADY MACBETH'S low sepulchral tone more effective.~~

PHY. How came she by that light?

GENT. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

PHY. You see her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut. Lady M. rubs hands

PHY. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

low. LADY M. Yet here's a spot. Intense.

PHY. Hark! she speaks.

LADY M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then, 'tis time to do't!—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

PHY. Do you mark that?

~~READY helmet, shield, truncheon~~  
~~and gloves, R. U. E.~~

LADY M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean!—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

READY change.

PHY. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENT. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

~~READY flourish.~~

PHY. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

GENT. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

+ L.C. LADY M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown : look not so pale :—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried : he cannot come out of his grave. *+ back. C*

PHY. Even so.

LADY M. *(walks up C. listening off R. Crosses behind as if MACBETH were in front of her. Takes taper from table without looking at it. Exit, C., as if dragging MACBETH precisely as in murder scene).* To bed, to bed : there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand : *h* what's done, cannot be undone : To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit, *L. & P.*

~~Exeunt~~ PHYSICIAN and GENTLEWOMAN, R. U. E.

*Curtain*

CHANGE set.

LIGHTS up.

*Final sc. in Pers 2. Act 6 - 1st oc.*

2 Scene ~~1~~ *A Hall in the Castle at Dunsinane. Act 6.*

FLOURISH of trumpets and drums till all entered.

Enter SOLDIERS, OFFICERS, and MACBETH, followed by three LORDS, R. 3 E.

+ to C. MACB. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?  
Was not he born of woman ? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences, have pronounced me thus :  
" Fear not, Macbeth ; no man, that's born of woman,  
Shall e'er have power on thee."—Then fly, false Thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures :  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter 2D OFFICER, *P. I E. to C. kneel.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !  
Where got'st thou that goose look ?

1. reach next bend - go up stairs L. -  
and off - see curtains close.

2. Front Ac. Country vs. Deceit.  
Monteth P.C. "The English power is near  
led on by Maledon. His Uncle Birard  
and the good Macduff. -

Aug. L.C. Near Birard wood shall we  
will meet them. -

Men What does the tyrant? -

Caithness, L.C. Great Dunstan he strongly  
fertifies. Some say he's mad - Others, that  
sinner hate him. Do call it valiant fury.  
but for certain, He conceals buckle his  
distemper'd cause within the belt of  
rule.

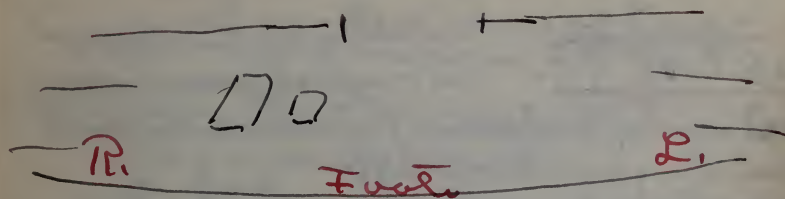
Aug. Now does he feel his secret murders  
sticking on his beads. Now minutely  
revolts up braid his faith-breach, Though he  
commands more only in command - Nothing  
in force: Now does he feel his title Heavy  
loose about him, like a gipsy's robe.  
Upon a clever fish thief.

Caith Well - march we on, to give the dinner  
where 'tis truly owed; meet me the medicine  
of the sickly meal - And with him joins me, in  
our country's purge Each drop of us. -

Exeunt marching. P. - Monteth Caith near  
Angus Lunnay and Soldiers - Lights out.



Plot of scene Act 6, sc 2.



1. Seaton picks up armor from R.C. starts  
to help Macb. - Daetas comes on L. 1.  
to L.C. -



2D OFF. There are ten thousand —

MACB. Geese, villain ?

2D OFF. Soldiers, sir.

MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-livered boy ! What soldiers, patch ?  
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

2D OFF. The English force, so please you.

MACB. Take thy face hence.—

*to seat R.C.* Exit OFFICER, R. I E. MacB slays

Seyton !—I am sick at heart,  
When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push  
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.  
I have lived long enough : my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;  
And that, which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have : but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON, L 2 E.

*to L.C.* SEY. What is your gracious pleasure ?

MACB. What news more ?

SEY. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACB. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.  
Give me my armour.

SEY. 'Tis not needed yet.

*short.* MACB. I'll put it on. ~~MACB.~~

Enter PHYLANTAS, L. I. E.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;  
Hang those that talk of fear. *"Give me mine armour" - 1.*

*but Death comes* Exit SEYTON, R. I E.

How does your patient, doctor ?

PHY. Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

Sit. R. MACB. Cure her of that : pleading G.—  
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;  
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;  
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
 Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,  
 Which weighs upon the heart ? Heard to heart.  
 PHY. Therein the patient

READY change.

Must minister to himself.

~~Enter SEYTON, R., with the King's trenchion, and a GEN-  
 TLEMAN with his armour.~~

MACB. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.  
~~Give me my staff : Come put my armour on.~~—  
 Seyton, send out : f. (Exit OFFICER, R. 2 E.) Doctor, the

Thanes fly from me ;—  
 If thou could'st, doctor, cast  
 The water of my land, find her disease,  
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
 That should applaud again.—  
 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
 Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of them ?

PHY. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation  
 Makes us hear something. 2

Exit PHYSICIAN, L. I E.

2 MACB. Bring it after me.— stand up C.  
 I will not be afraid of death and bane  
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

FLOURISH till Macbeth off.

Exit MACBETH, R.

CHANGE set.

Front Sc.

Scene III.—Birnam Forest.—A March.

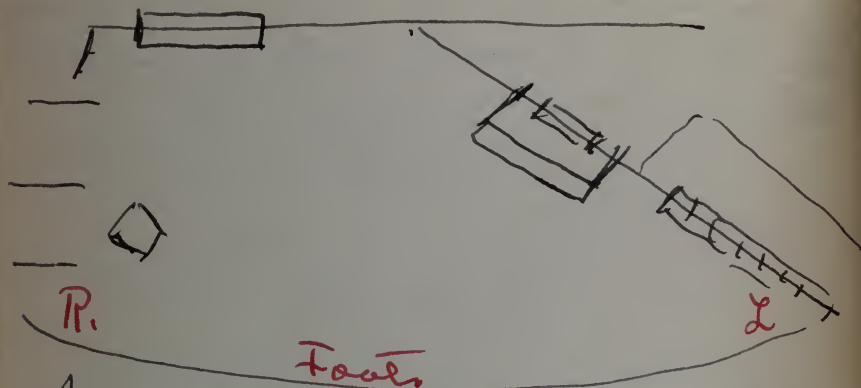
Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE and  
SOLDIERS, L. U. E.

ENGLISH march till soldiers on, then  
 flourish to bring on officer.

1 Day - motions on Soldiers who run  
from L to R.

2 Day trying to help Maeb. with arms -  
he throws it down with cry - Dayton  
steppers back -

Scene Plot of Last Scene



Sound of fighting, clash of sword,  
thru red scene.

C. MAL. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

R.C. MACD. We doubt it nothing. *close to Mal.*

2C. SIW. What wood is this before us?

LEN. The wood of Birnam.

MAL. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery

Err in report of us.

READY change.

LEN. It shall be done.

ROSSE. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

MACD. 'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt:  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

SIW. Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

~~MACD. The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which advance the war.~~

MARCH till all off.

Exeunt into the Wood, R.

CHANGE set.

*Same as Scene 2.*

7 Scene IV.—The Ramparts of the Castle at Dunsinane.—  
Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

FLOURISH till all on.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and ATTENDANTS, L 3.

MACB. Hang out our banners + to C.

FLOURISH.

on the outward walls:



The cry is still "They come": —

FLOURISH.

Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:  
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. *Cry of women 22.*  
What is that noise?

*L.C.* SEY. It is the cry of women, good my lord.

Exit SEY., L.

*22. R.* MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of fears;  
The time has been, my senses would have cooled  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't: I have supped full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

READY alarm bell.

Reënter SEYTON, L. I E.

Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead. *Head bowed 1.*

*(All express sorrow. SOLDIERS reverse their arms.)*

MACB. She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.—  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing — *(Pause.)*

*22*  
Enter 1ST OFFICER, L. I E., pale and noisily, his sword drawn.

Thou comest to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

1, Mach. looks at Seaton, and  $\sigma$  = then  
looks and prints. —

- 1, Mack. rushes to messenger -
2. Starts up C. Shauding. -
- 3 Baldie rushes on from L. and R.  
shout. "Hoo - Hoo - and Oot -"

Knelt. 1ST OFF. Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which, I say, I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

MACB. Well, say, sir.

1ST OFF. (~~knocking~~). As I did stand my watch upon the  
hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

1. MACB. Liar and slave!

1ST OFF. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so.  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

MACB. If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much: —

(OFFICER goes up R. ~~The others ask him the tidings eagerly.~~)

I pull in resolution; and begin,  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth:—"Fear not, 'till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. 2 Arm, arm, and out! —  
If this, which he avouches, does appear, 3.  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the state o' the world were now undone.—  
Ring the alarum bell: (~~Exit OFFICER, R. 2 E.~~) Blow, wind!  
come, wrack! Bell rings No.  
At least we'll die with harness on our back!

Go out R.

FLOURISH.

BELL and shouts.

Exeunt, 2.

Light out.

CHANGE set.

Scene V.—A Plain before the Castle at Dunsinane

English march till soldiers on,  
then flourish till officers on.

Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, and SOLDIERS.

C. MAL. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,

READY change.

And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

L.P. LEN. This way, my lords, the castle's gently rendered.

P.C. SIW. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Ry Mac MACD. Make all our trumpets speak:

TRUMPET flourish, then repeat  
march till all off, R.

give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. (Alarums.)

~~Exeunt several ways.~~

CHANGE set.

Scene VI.—A Court in the Castle of Dunsinane.—Alarums.

Plot on page 63.

FLOURISH till Macbeth on, C.

Enter MACBETH, from the gates. L. upkes.

1, MACB. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,

READY change.

But, bear-like, I must fight the course. "But swords I smile  
at, weapons laugh to scorn. Brandish'd by man that's of  
a woman born." What's he,  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none. (Alarums.)

Exit, L. 1

Enter MACDUFF, L. upkes. to C.

FLOURISH, shouts, clashing of swords.

MACD. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,



1 Run on to C. - he is man used  
exhausted - Hair is turned and  
almost white. —



1. Enter Malcolm & Siward. R. uphs.  
with Soldiers.—  
Siward. This way, my lord; The castle's  
guilty, render'd:—

The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

Mal. 'The hour met with foes. That  
strike beside us.—

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle!— Exeunt R. 2

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,

FLOURISH till Macbeth on his knees  
in next scene. Shouts, etc.

I sheathe again, undeeded.

Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. (*Alarums.*) Three out R.1.

Exeunt, f.

1. Door at R.C. Beattered down CHANGE set.

Scene VII. The Gates of the Castle at Dunsinane.

Enter MACBETH through the gates. L. up for

MACB. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them. (*Going to C.*)

Enter R. MACD. Turn, hell-hound, turn. MacB. wheels, glare

MACB. Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

MACD. I have no words;  
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out. (*Alarums.*)

(Thy sword)

FLOURISH and shouts, short.

L.C. MACB. Thou lovest labour:  
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant<sup>1</sup> air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

R.C. MACD. Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb

READY blood, R. 3 E.

<sup>1</sup>Not to be cut, indivisible.

Untimely ripped. *Macb. staggers L. cries out.*

MACB. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cowed my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope—I'll not fight with thee. *Starts L.*

*(Retires towards the castle gate.) L.*

*He C.* MACD. Then yield thee, coward, *Macb wheels L. C*  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
"Here you may see the tyrant."

MACB. I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

READY curtain.

And to be baited with the rabble's curse!  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last;—  
Lay on, Macduff!  
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold! enough."

*(They fight.)*

FLOURISH and shouts till Macbeth falls. /.

~~Hold! enough! (Fights and falls.)~~

'Tis done! The scene of life will quickly close.  
Ambition's vain delusive dreams are fled,  
And now I wake to darkness, guilt and horror.  
I cannot rise: I dare not ask for mercy.  
It is too late. Hell drags me down.  
I sink! I sink! My soul is lost forever.

~~Oh! Oh! (Dies.)~~

SHOUTS.

FLOURISH.

Enter all.

RING curtain.

CURTAIN

1 Macd. charms Macb. - runs thru  
thru - Macb. screams - grabs dagger  
from belt. tries to reach Macd. -  
whirls and falls D.C. - with crash.  
all run on from R. - Mal. to  
C. - Macd. - cry. -

" Hail King of Scotland. "  
all kneel - cry "Hail King of  
Scotland. " - Raise Malcolm  
to their shoulders. - Swords in  
air - all hail him as Caelius  
Close.





φ TLZ

van Nossdal

12/1/23



